

No. 842

NOVEMBER 18, 1921

7 Cents

FAIRIES & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

THE LITTLE WALL ST. SPECULATOR
OR THE BOY WHO BECAME A STOCK BROKER

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



Bob whisked the heavy bundle off the table and its contents fell in a jingling, glittering heap on the floor. "It is mine—mine!" cried the visitor, stepping forward excitedly.
"Not by a jugful," said Dick, blocking him with his arm.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18, 1921.

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The Little Wall Street Speculator OR, THE BOY WHO BECAME A STOCK BROKER

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Rocky Road of Love.

"Surely, Mr. Golden, what you say is impossible. What! the boy I practically took off the street, when thrown friendless on the world, and brought up in my office, deceive me—betray my confidence? I can't believe it," said Broker Hazelton, with some emotion. "You are surely mistaken."

"No, sir, I am not mistaken. I can prove my statements," said Rutherford Golden, also a broker, with some energy.

The two gentlemen were standing on the handsome lawn in front of the Hazelton residence at Larchmont, which topped a bit of rising ground that afforded a fine view of Long Island Sound.

"You can prove your words?" cried Mr. Hazelton.

"I can, and will," said Golden, flicking the ashes from his cigar with his little finger, on which sparkled a valuable diamond ring. "This young man, Bob Barton, who you think so highly of—who is indebted to you for all his prospects in life—is not only speculating in the market, contrary to the unwritten rule of Wall Street, when he should be attending strictly to your business, but seeks to mar your happiness by ruining that of your only daughter."

"What!" gasped Mr. Hazelton. "Impossible!" Golden uttered a sly, soft laugh.

"It is true, I assure you."

"If I thought such were his designs, I would banish him not only from my house, but would discharge him from my employ," said Mr. Hazelton angrily.

"If? I'll prove it, and before I leave your place. The young man is here now—invited by you to dinner. Well, we shall see what we shall see," said Golden meaningly.

His words had an uneasy effect on Broker Hazelton.

"I will interview my daughter at once. If I find—"

"You will only put your foot in it, my friend, without convincing yourself of the facts. Leave the matter to me. I am more experienced in getting at the bottom of delicate affairs like this. Have patience, and all shall be made as clear as sunshine to you. Now, tell me, who is the boy, anyhow? How came you to take so much interest in him?"

"He is the son of an old artist friend of mine, a college mate at Princeton. George Barton was

visionary and impractical. He could think of nothing but his art, and though I will say he was a clever, talented fellow, his abilities were not appreciated as they should have been, and so he went through the patrimony left him by his father, brought his wife—a sweet girl, as I remember her—and his boy, down to the tene-ments, and finally died of consumption—a pauper. His delicate life partner soon followed him, and young Robert was left an orphan at thirteen."

"And you adopted him after a fashion?"

"I provided him with a home in a respectable family and took him into my office as office boy and messenger. He has been under my eye, so to speak, ever since, and I've never had any reason to find fault with him until now, and I am surprised and grieved to think I should be disappointed in him. Understand me, I do not wish you to think I doubt your word in any way, but I must have undoubted proof of the facts you have stated before I can proceed against him."

"You shall have them. You know that the little bank on Nassau street is to all intents and purposes a bucketshop."

"That fact is no secret in Wall Street."

"That is the place where Bob Barton puts his stock deals through. If he has been there once he's been there fifty times during the past year. I understand that he has been fairly successful in naming his winner, but his good luck does not excuse his conduct. He has squandered a cer-tain amount of your time, and devoted a consider-able portion of his thoughts to his gambling risks when he should have been thinking of the matters he is paid to look after. If my office boy were found guilty of such a thing I would discharge him on the spot."

There wasn't any doubt that Rutherford Golden meant what he said.

"I do not approve of his speculative tendencies, of course, but I would be willing to over-look them on his promise to cut them out in the future; but with respect to my daughter—that is quite a different thing."

"Of course. You have no wish for her to form a mesalliance—"

"Mesalliance! Why, she's but a child—scarce sixteen. Such a thing as marriage is supremely ridiculous. If that boy has put such thoughts into her head, he has betrayed the trust I have reposed in him, and I will take means to prevent a continuance of his visits here."

"Let us proceed to yonder summer house and stand behind it where the lilacs will screen us."

"For what purpose?"

"Your daughter and Bob Barton have found it a very desirable nook to retire to, for there they can exchange little confidences without fear of observation."

The broker allowed Golden to lead him behind the summer house where their presence would be concealed by the thick bushes, and where they could easily overhear all that took place in the latticed building. Unsuspicious of the trap set for them, Bob Barton and pretty Madge Hazelton came toward the summer house and entered it.

"And do you really think so much of me, Robert?" asked Madge shyly.

"I couldn't begin to tell you how much, dear," replied Bob. "You are the loveliest girl in all the world in my eyes."

"But we are awfully young, Robert, to talk of love," fluttered Madge.

"Perhaps so; but if our hearts go out to each other, how can we help it?"

"I'm afraid my father would read me a lecture if he thought—"

"There is no need of you telling him. What he doesn't know won't worry him. He thinks a lot of me, and when the time comes for me to ask him—"

"Would you have the courage?"

"Why not? Aren't you a prize worth facing even the cannon's mouth to win?"

"Do you really think so?" she asked coquettishly.

"Think! Why, I know it. Only remain true to me—"

"That I will forever, dear Robert," said Madge.

"You see, Mr. Hazelton, 'tis as I told you," whispered Golden.

Hazelton could contain himself no longer. He saw only too clearly that his young messenger had presumed to trap his beloved child's affections, and he was furiously angry. Rushing from the bushes, followed by Golden, he presented himself at the door of the summer house. Madge released herself from her boy lover's embrace with a little exclamation of surprise and consternation.

"My father!" she cried.

"So, Robert Barton, this is your gratitude! You seek to repay my friendship—my almost paternal care—by robbing me of my daughter."

"Mr. Hazelton, you misunderstand—"

"I misunderstand nothing. I have the evidence of my ears. I heard every word that has just passed between you and my Madge. You have proved yourself a snake in the grass—unworthy of further consideration from me. Hence, and never let me see you again!"

"Father!" begged the girl.

"Silence, Madge! Go into the house directly."

"But, father—"

"You heard my command—obey it."

"Hear me, sir," begged Bob.

"Not for a moment. I am through with you. You need not report at my office Monday. I shall have no further need of your services."

"Do you mean that, Mr. Hazelton?" said the boy, aghast.

"I never say what I don't mean. You are discharged from my employ."

"Oh, father," sobbed Madge, "you are cruel!"

"Will you go in the house, or must I lead you there?" demanded her father, in his sternest tones.

Madge threw her arms around Bob, and clung to him sobbingly.

"Oh, Robert, Robert, you mustn't go away! Indeed, you mustn't."

"Madge, I must obey your father's command. Cheer up. He is angry now, but by and by, when he thinks the matter over, he may relent. Good-by. If we do not see each other soon again, do not forget me."

"Forget you, Robert? That I will never do—never! I love you dearly with all my heart, and I always will."

"And I never will forget nor cease to love you, whatever the outcome of this trouble may be. Now, obey your father, and go into the house."

With a cry of grief Madge drew down Bob's face, kissed him, and ran out of the summer house. "Are you going?" said Mr. Hazelton harshly to the boy.

"I will go at once, since such are your orders. After all your kindness it is hard to part in this way, Mr. Hazelton."

"You have brought the hardship on yourself by your base ingratitude."

Thus speaking, Mr. Hazelton turned and walked away. Rutherford Golden, who had been a satisfied observer of all that had taken place, remained standing near the summer house. A look of intense satisfaction rested on his face. In what way was he particularly interested in the downfall of this eighteen-year-old boy? Had he downed some tenacious opponent in the stock market, he could not have shown greater pleasure. There was a reason, and it will transpire in the course of this story.

Bob stood some moments looking down at the ground. He was dazed by the blow which had fallen on him. At one swoop he had lost the friendship and patronage of his protector and friend, and likewise the society of the only girl in the world he had ever cared for. It was truly hard luck, and he felt, from his own standpoint, that Mr. Hazelton had been unjust to him. When he looked up he found Broker Golden's eyes fixed on him with a strange, malicious look. He knew the broker well, and did not like him. He was aware of the man's reputation as a shifty trader. That he was not popular in Wall Street and he had wondered that Mr. Hazelton should invite him to his home.

"You see, young man, the consequences of ingratitude," sneered Golden.

Bob fired up with indignation.

"I throw the word back with contempt and scorn," he flashed.

"Don't address me in that manner, you young cub!" cried the broker angrily.

"No! I'm not afraid of you, Mr. Golden. Don't think I haven't got your number. I haven't traveled around Wall Street for five years without learning the reputation you bear there."

"You infernal young imp! I've a great mind to kick you out of these grounds," said the broker furiously.

"These are not your grounds, Mr. Golden, and if you dared lay a finger on me I'd handle you without gloves."

"You—you—"

"Don't excite yourself. It might hurt your appetite for dinner."

"You at least won't dine here to-day nor in the future," hissed the broker malevolently.

"Well, you needn't worry about that. I wish you a good afternoon."

And thus Bob passed off of Mr. Hazelton's property and took his way slowly toward the railroad station.

CHAPTER II.—The Alarm in the Night.

Bob lived with a widow in moderate circumstances in the upper part of the Bronx. Her name was French, and Bob's board money was a great help to her in keeping the pot boiling. Her husband, a small contractor, was alive when Mr. Hazelton placed the boy under their protecting wing, five years since, and before Mr. French died he had come to regard the boy almost as his son.

The kindness they accorded him was not lost on Bob, and he did everything he could to please them. When the contractor died he was a tower of strength to the widow, who leaned upon him in her hour of affliction. Mr. French left his widow the little frame cottage in which they lived, free and clear, and a small life insurance policy. As it was necessary to husband her resources, Mrs. French depended on the \$5 Bob turned over to her every Sunday. To this he added at odd times money for a new gown, or hat, or some other article of wearing apparel he learned she needed.

A couple of blocks away, in a similar kind of cottage, lived Bob's particular friend, Dick Dudley, with his widowed mother and sister, older than himself, who went out by the day as a seamstress. Dick worked in Wall Street, as messenger to a broker Smith, and it was because of his connection with the financial district that Bob Barton made his acquaintance. The boys always went down to business together in the morning, and more often than not they came home together on the Third avenue elevated road.

Widow French did not look to see Bob back till Sunday evening, and she was surprised when he entered the house about six o'clock. He looked so glum that she saw right away that something unusual had happened.

"This is quite a surprise to see you back so soon," she said.

"Yes, mother"—he had got into the habit of so addressing her—"I did not expect to be back till to-morrow evening."

"What has happened to change your plans?" she asked, with a curious look.

"A very great misfortune," he replied.

"A very great misfortune?" she asked, in a startled tone. "What do you mean? Surely nothing has happened to Mr. Hazelton?"

"No; nothing has happened to him. The misfortune is wholly connected with myself."

The little widow looked a bit anxious.

"Tell me, Bob," she said, in a motherly tone.

"I will tell you," said Bob, summoning up resolution.

And so he told the little widow the whole story.

"There is something peculiar at the back of it," he said, in conclusion. "In no other way can I account for Mr. Hazelton's unexpected appearance at the summer house. Madge and I have often been there before, and that fact in no way attracted her father's special attention. A broker named Rutherford Golden is at the bottom of it all, I am sure, yet what interest he should take in making trouble for me is something I cannot understand."

Mrs. French sympathized with Bob, and told him not to worry.

"Mr. Hazelton will get over his feeling of displeasure toward you by Monday, and all will be well again," she said.

Although Bob had missed his dinner he had but little appetite for the supper that the widow set before him. He ate sparingly, then put on his hat and went out for a walk to think it over. He paid little attention to the direction he went, and was passing an old residence setting back from the street by itself when he was suddenly brought back to earth by the sudden opening of a window in the third story and the cry of "Help! Murder!" in an old woman's voice.

As he stopped and looked up the front door was opened and a man hastily made his exit from the house. The glare of the street lamp flashed full on his face, and to Bob's surprise he recognized Rutherford Golden. The man paid no attention to him, but hurried away, while the old woman continued to utter her cries.

"What's the trouble, ma'am? What has happened?" asked Bob.

"My master has been shot. Run for the police!"

Bob was startled at that announcement. Knowing how difficult it would be to find the officer on that beat, and having no idea where the precinct station house was, he said:

"Haven't you a telephone?"

"Yes, yes," she answered.

"Then why don't you call up the station house? That will be the quickest way to get a policeman."

"I don't know how to do it!" wailed the woman.

"Let me in and I will do it for you."

She shut the window and Bob waited for her to come downstairs. In a short time she opened the front door and he entered.

"Who is your master?"

"Nathan Morse."

Bob uttered an exclamation. The name was familiar to him. Nathan Morse was one of the big money-lenders of Wall Street. Not till that moment had Bob known where he lived. Nor had the matter ever interested him.

"Is—is he badly hurt? Who was it shot him?"

As Bob asked the question he thought of Rutherford Golden and his hasty exit from the house. He must be the man.

"I'm afraid he's dead," quavered the old woman. "I don't know the person who shot him."

"Did you witness the shooting?"

"No. I heard high words between my master and the stranger I let in a short time before."

Then I heard the shot, and the stranger rushed out of the sitting room, ran downstairs and left by this door."

"I saw a well-dressed man come out in a hurry when you raised the window and cried out."

"That was the man."

"You would know him if you saw him again?"

"I would."

"Let us go upstairs."

This they did. Bob opened the door and entered the room. On the floor lay the Wall Street money-lender, stretched out just as he had fallen. He looked like a dead man. The boy knelt and listened to his heart. It was beating, and stronger than he expected.

"He is not dead," he told the housekeeper.

"Thank heavens!" murmured the old woman. "Do you think he will die?" she added anxiously.

"I cannot tell how badly he is hurt. The ball has torn a nasty wound on the side of his head. He may only be stunned. But if his skull is fractured the chances are against him. He must have a doctor right away."

"There is one—Dr. Cole—in the next block below."

"I will run down there as soon as I have telephoned the police."

As Bob couldn't find the precinct number, he had Central connect him with Police Headquarters in Manhattan. To the man who answered him he told the few startling facts and asked that a policeman be sent to the house. He was told the matter would be attended to at once.

"Now I'll go for the doctor," he said.

"Dr. Cole, in the middle of the next block, on the other side," directed the housekeeper.

"All right," said Bob, and off he started.

In fifteen minutes he returned with the physician, who brought his case of instruments and an emergency remedy. He examined the wounded money-lender and said that as far as he could see, the wound, while serious, was not necessarily dangerous.

"His skull is not fractured, but the ball has torn a hole across it and the brain is nearly exposed. I think he will, with proper care, recover."

The doctor proceeded to attend to the wound, which he finally bound up.

"He had better be put to bed. Where is his room?" the doctor asked the old woman.

She pointed at a door.

"The back room beyond that," she said.

"Will you assist me?" the doctor asked Bob.

"I will," replied the boy. "Go downstairs, Mrs. Abbott, and watch for the officer, who should be here presently," he added.

The housekeeper left the room, while Dr. Cole and Bob lifted the unconscious money-lender, carried him into the back room, undressed, and put him in bed.

"Call the housekeeper. I wish to give her directions," said the doctor.

Bob went to get the woman and encountered her coming upstairs with a uniformed officer and a detective in plain clothes.

CHAPTER III.—Bob Up Against An Alibi.

The sleuth had already learned such facts as the housekeeper knew, and he now tackled Bob.

"Do you belong in this house, young man?" he asked.

"No."

"What's your name, and where do you live?" Bob told him.

"You were not a witness of the shooting?"

"No. I was passing the house at the time."

"And heard the shot?"

"No. I heard the housekeeper open the window and shout for help."

"And you stopped?"

"Yes."

"The housekeeper tells me you saw a man leave the house."

"I did."

"Describe him."

"I can do better. I can tell you who he is."

"Ah! You know him?" said the detective, in a tone of satisfaction.

"I do."

"Who is he?"

"Rutherford Golden, a Wall Street stock broker."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Positive. I have worked in Wall Street for the last five years and have seen him many times there. I met him this afternoon at the home of my employer, Edward Hazelton, at Larchmont. He was invited to dinner. I left him there about four o'clock. As dinner is served about six, I was greatly surprised to see him come out of this house at the time he did. He could hardly have dined with Mr. Hazelton, caught a train for the Grand Central Station, and got up here so soon."

"What brought you over in this direction?"

"I was merely taking a walk."

At that moment the doctor entered the sitting room.

"Are you the physician who was called in to attend the wounded man?" asked the detective of him.

"Yes."

"What is the condition of the patient?"

"He is still unconscious from the shock of the bullet and the dangerous character of the wound, which is on the side of the head."

"What are his chances for recovery?"

"I think they are pretty good."

"Are you going home now, doctor?"

"No. I am going to the drug store for a preparation the patient needs."

"I suppose you don't want me any longer?" said Bob to the detective. "You have my address."

"You are employed in Wall Street, you said?"

"I have been working for Mr. Hazelton for five years."

"What is his address?"

Bob gave it and was then permitted to leave the house. He hurried back home to tell the news to Mrs. French. She was surprised to hear about his adventure. Next morning a policeman called on Bob.

"The captain wants to see you," he said. "He sent me after you," said the officer.

So Bob went to the precinct station house with the policeman. He was taken into the captain's room.

"You are Robert Barton?" said the captain, motioning to a chair.

"Yes, sir."

"You positively identified the man you saw coming out of Nathan Morse's house last night after the shooting as a stock broker named Rutherford Golden?"

"I did, and I can't understand how I could have been mistaken."

"He has proved that he wasn't in New York when the crime was committed. We have been so advised by the Larchmont police. You have made a bad mistake."

"Well, if the man I saw was not Rutherford Golden, and the morning paper states he was not, then you had better look for a man who is Golden's double."

"Look here, young man, are you telling the exact truth?" asked the captain sharply.

"I am ready to swear to it. The man I saw looked near enough like Golden to be his twin brother."

"Has he got a twin brother?"

"I couldn't tell you. I know nothing whatever about his family."

"Very well, I will take your word for the present. The wounded man will be able to identify his assailant as soon as he recovers his consciousness, which the doctor, who is in attendance on him, looks for at any moment. If his description tallies with yours, or comes close to it, that will let you out, but if it proves to be widely different, you are likely to find yourself in trouble. You can go."

Bob was glad to leave the station house.

CHAPTER IV.—Bob Performs a Kindly Act.

Bob left the house for Wall street next morning at his usual time, met Dick at the station, and rode downtown with him without saying a word about having lost his position. The morning papers stated that Nathan Morse had recovered consciousness, but that his mind was a blank concerning the shooting and what led up to it. He did not remember the visitor who had called on him, nor did he recall the near-tragedy.

He expressed wonder at finding himself in the condition he was in, and was utterly unable to account for it. When Bob left Dick at the entrance of the office building where that lad was employed he felt somewhat like a fish out of water, for he had nothing in particular to occupy his attention. It was much too early for him to go to the reception room of the little bank on Nassau street, where he had decided to put in his time during the hours the stock exchanges were in session.

He started down Broad street at a slower gait than he was accustomed to. When he reached Beaver street he turned up toward Broadway, and, taking a seat in Bowling Green Park, finished reading the morning paper. The clock on the tower of the Produce Exchange marked twenty minutes to ten when he got up and retraced his steps, finally landing in the little bank. Quite a crowd was on hand, as the market had been lively the preceding week and promised to continue so. Bob had \$1,700 stowed away in a safe deposit box, and was on the lookout for a chance to put the greater part of it to work. During

the morning he saw that A. & C. stock was going up. He got \$1,500 of his money and put it up as security on 150 shares of the stock, at 75.

When he went to lunch it was up to 77. At Mr. Hazelton's office the non-appearance of Bob was reported to the broker by his cashier.

"He won't be here to-day," replied Mr. Hazelton shortly.

So the cashier called upon Jackson, the junior clerk, to carry the day's messages, and the impression prevailed in the office that Bob was sick. Broker Hazelton made no move to get a new boy, which showed that he still had a leaning toward Bob, in spite of having dismissed him from his employ.

Bob sat in the little bank and watched A. & C. go to 80 and a fraction, when he sold out, capturing a profit of \$750. His good luck somewhat reconciled the boy to the loss of his position and Mr. Hazelton's friendship, but it did not make him feel any happier when he thought of Madge, from whom he was now quite cut off. He went home alone that afternoon, reaching the house about five. As supper would not be ready till six, Bob went out for a stroll. He knew a number of people in the neighborhood, and among them a family named Scott.

Mr. Scott, who had been a bookkeeper on small wages, died some eight months before, leaving his wife, a grown daughter of seventeen and several younger children in straightened circumstances. Dick Dudley was sweet on Bessie Scott, and it was through him Bob had got acquainted with the Scotts. The small life insurance policy which Mrs. Scott collected after her husband's death barely covered the doctor's bill and the funeral expenses. What little savings she had went in the course of a couple of months, and then she was persuaded to mortgage her furniture to a loan shark.

As time passed she found herself getting deeper in the financial mire, and finally she defaulted in one of her interest payments on the renewed note. She begged a week's time of the money-lender, but he refused to grant it. He gave her till half-past five on Monday to pay the interest due, with \$2 additional protest charges. At the hour stated the money-lender's clerk, a foxy-looking, sandy-featured man of forty, appeared with a van. He proceeded to the Scott flat and asked Mrs. Scott if she was prepared to come up with the money. If not, he had a van outside in which he intended to cart off the major part of her personal belongings.

At that juncture Dick stopped in on his way home to invite Bessie to go to an entertainment with him on the following evening. He found mother and daughter in a state of great distress.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, looking at the money-lender's clerk, whose name was Dabbelton.

"No trouble at all," said Dabbelton glibly. "Only a small matter of fifteen dollars, plus the interest, and two dollars protest charges—nineteen dollars altogether. As the lady can't pay, I must take her furniture away. I have a van waiting down at the door."

"Do you owe this money, Mrs. Scott?" asked Dick.

The widow admitted that she did, and quite a bit more.

"And you can't pay him?"

"Not until Saturday; but his employer won't wait," said Mrs. Scott.

"But your furniture must be worth several times the amount you have borrowed on it," said Dick.

"It is," she replied.

"As the security is good, what's your objection to waiting for a week?" said Dick to the clerk.

"I've got my orders," said Dabbleton sharply. "I must get the money or take away the furniture."

"Why, you old Shylock, would you rob these people of their personal belongings?"

"Don't call me a Shylock, young fellow, or I shall be tempted to knock you down!" cried Dabbleton angrily.

"You'd better get out of here blamed quick, or I'll knock you down and kick you downstairs on top of it!" said Dick.

"If you interfere with me in the execution of my duty, I'll call a policeman and have you arrested."

"Start right in and call him, for I'm going to bounce you unless you walk out of your own accord."

Dabbleton, at that, rushed to a front window, opened it, and called to the two husky moving men on the sidewalk to come up. It was at this stage of the game that Bob came along. He saw the moving van and wondered who was going to move out of the flat house at that late hour. He did not dream why it really was there. He followed the two moving men upstairs, and was greatly surprised to see them enter the Scott apartment. He entered after them and found Dick there with Mrs. Scott, who was crying, and Bessie Scott, who appeared much excited, while Dabbleton stood in the background, with a paper in his hand, containing a schedule of the property, which embraced everything that was worth taking away, down to the lighted stove on which the family supper was cooking in the kitchen.

"Are you moving, Mrs. Scott?" Bob asked.

"No, she's not moving," put in Dick. "She borrowed some money of a loan shark and because she's defaulted in the payment of one of her instalment notes the soulless skunk has sent his clerk, that individual there, and a wagon around to remove her furniture which she mortgaged to him."

"So that's what's the matter?" said Bob.

"That's it exactly. I think it's a blamed shame. If I had the money I'd ram it down his throat and fire him out!" blazed Dick.

"This is a pleasant job you have got here," Bob said to the clerk.

"Can't be helped. Business is business," replied Dabbleton. "Now, Mulcahey, take the goods out of this room first," he added to one of the men.

"One moment, please," interposed Bob. "What is the amount you came to collect?"

"Seventeen dollars, plus two dollars for protest charges—nineteen dollars. Want to pay it?" he grinned sardonically.

"What's the protest charges for?" asked Bob.

"When a note isn't paid when due, we protest it."

"You mean you add two dollars extra to the sum due."

"It costs us that."

"How does it? Who do you pay the money to?"

"That's our business, young man. Start in, Mulcahey. What are you waiting for?"

"The two dollars is a dead steal, but as long as the law permits the unfortunate to be robbed right and left by money-lenders, I don't see that there is any use of squealing."

"There isn't," grinned Dabbleton.

"Just receipt that bill you brought here. I will pay it."

"You will! Come, now, no jokes," said Dabbleton.

"I'm not joking. Here are four fives. I want a dollar change, and tell your men to put those chairs back where they took them from."

Bob's action was a surprise all around. Dabbleton took the money, but he looked disappointed. He was so accustomed to seeing human misery that it gave him real pleasure to add his mite to it. As he received the bill and handed over a dollar, he felt he had been defrauded out of a cheerful bit of entertainment. He walked out of the flat with his two men, and presently the rumble of the van was heard as it was driven away.

CHAPTER V.—Dick Gets the Surprise of His Life.

"Bob, you're a brick!" said Dick, grasping him by the hand.

"I thank you from my heart for coming to my aid," said Mrs. Scott gratefully. "You shall lose nothing by it. Here is twelve dollars. You shall have the rest on Saturday."

"There is no occasion to rob yourself, Mrs. Scott," said Bob. "I can afford to await your convenience."

The widow insisted that he take the money, and Bob finally accepted ten dollars, and said he was in no hurry for the balance.

"But you work for your money, Mr. Barton, and I am sure you cannot afford to let it stand out very long."

"Don't you worry about what I can't afford to do. I can wait for the money, and I'd rather do that than put you in a hole."

Bob and Dick left the flat together and separated at the corner. The former still remained silent about his lost job. When Mr. Hazelton got home that afternoon, Madge wanted to know if he had taken Bob back.

"No, I haven't. I haven't decided what I'll do about him," said her father. "Run along now."

But Madge wouldn't run along. She said he wasn't treating Bob right; that she loved him, and always would love him, no matter what happened. Her admission angered her father, and he said he wouldn't take Bob, anyway, now. Thereupon she began to cry and he sent her to her room. Next morning he told his cashier that Bob wasn't coming back any more, and he was to get another office boy.

On that same morning Bob made another deal, this time in Dakota Copper. He bought 1,000 shares outright, at \$2, and next day received the certificates. On the following day Dick dis-

covered, to his amazement, that Bob was no longer connected with Broker Hazelton's office. He dropped in there about noon and saw a strange boy sitting in Bob's seat.

"Where's Bob—out?" he asked him.

"Bob? I don't know who you mean. What's his other name? I've only been here since yesterday."

"Bob Barton, of course, the office messenger."

"Ask the cashier. I don't know anything about him."

Accordingly, Dick went to the cashier's window.

"Is Bob Barton in the counting room now?"

"No," said the cashier, shaking his head. "He's left."

"Left!" gasped Dick.

"Yes. We've got a new messenger."

"When did he quit—last night? He said nothing to me about it, and I see him every day."

"He hasn't been here since last Saturday."

"Last Saturday! Say, is this straight goods?"

Dick's astonishment was so genuine that the cashier condescended to assure him that it was the exact truth. Dick left the office quite dumfounded at the news he had heard. The fact that Bob had kept the matter quiet showed that there was something out of the usual about the case.

"Maybe I'd better not say anything to him," he thought. "He wouldn't keep it from me without he had some special reason, and if I asked him, he'd only put me off, anyway, and I wouldn't learn the truth. He's had some kind of a scrap with Mr. Hazelton, that seems clear, and it occurred up at his home in Larchmont. That accounts for Bob's return on Saturday, when he expected to remain over until Sunday afternoon."

After thinking the matter over he decided not to say a word to Bob, nor let him know that he had found out he had left his job.

"I can keep a stiff upper lip as well as he. I wonder who he's working for now? I'll probably find out in a few days," he said to himself.

Next day, at half-past twelve, Bob called at Broker Smith's office to hold off Dick from calling at Hazelton's. Dick, of course, had no intention of going there now. The boys went to lunch together, as usual. Bob suggested that they go to the Polo Grounds and see the ball game. Dick was quite willing to do that, and so, when they finished their lunch, they started for the Rector street station of the Sixth avenue elevated road, and were soon on their way uptown.

CHAPTER VI.—Bob Puts It Over Golden.

During the following week Dakota Copper advanced to \$4. This would look like a mighty shrewd guess on Bob's part, something quite out of the ordinary, but, as a matter of fact, Bob did not go into the copper deal on mere guess-work. He had learned that Dakota Copper was certain to go up several dollars a share, and the source he got his information from was good. Just how he came to be so favored it is unnecessary to say. There was no very great risk in the operation, as Dakota Copper was not likely to go below \$2 anyhow, for that was low-water mark for the stock.

Six months previous it sold at \$7, and Bob

saw no reason why it should not sell at that figure, or close to it, again. No general boom in copper accompanied the rise of Dakota shares. The insiders simply were in a position to boost it, and this they proceeded to do. Although Bob had not seen Madge for a matter of two weeks, he had heard from her by way of the post, and he sent her a good, long letter himself. Mr. Hazelton seemed to have overlooked the possibility of the two young people indulging in a correspondence through the medium of Uncle Sam's mail service, and therefore his suspicions were not aroused.

Bob learned from Madge that Rutherford Golden had visited the house again and taken dinner with them. He had been unusually polite to her, she said. While the letter Bob wrote Madge was chiefly filled with soft nonsense, he managed to find the space to tell her about his success in the A. & C. deal, and of his expectations in copper. The succeeding week saw Dakota Copper go to \$3, and, naturally, Bob felt good over it.

He was getting accustomed to being boss of his own time and actions, and rather liked it. Perhaps he wouldn't have liked it so much if he hadn't been on the sunny side of the market. The knowledge that he was making big money, for him, stifled any regrets he otherwise might have had over the break between him and Mr. Hazelton. The fourth week came around, and Dakota Copper took a jump to \$7 on Monday. Bob began to consider the advisability of selling his shares. He had no tip to guide him as to how high the stock was likely to go.

The ultimate results of his deal would depend on his own judgment. After some figuring, he decided to hold on. On Tuesday the stock advanced fifty cents more, and on Wednesday a quarter. On Thursday the curb market was furnished with additional excitement by the stock booming to \$10 and a little over.

"That's good enough for me," said Bob to himself. "It's getting top heavy, and that's the time to get out from under."

So he sold out, and captured a profit of \$8 a share, or \$8,000 altogether. That raised his working capital to \$10,500, a gain of nearly \$9,000 since he was forced to quit the messenger business. He got his money Friday afternoon, and slapped half of it into 500 shares of L. & N., at 90, on margin. He had no tip on the situation this time, but the papers predicted a rise in the stock, and he took his chances on it. Luck stood his friend, and three days afterward he sold out at 93 and made \$1,500.

Regularly, twice a week, he wrote to Madge, and as often she wrote to him, so that, though parted by parental authority, they still managed to keep in touch. Dick, as a matter of course, was not successful in finding out where Bob was working. He did not meet Bob on the street, or at the Exchange, as formerly, and so he came to the conclusion that his friend had secured a clerkship in some office. As Bob did not refer to Mr. Hazelton's office, Dick also kept silent.

It was about this time that a boom started in So. Ry. Bob got right in on the ground floor when the stock was going around 110. The price rose to 125, and then Bob, who was in on 1,000 shares, closed out at a profit of \$15,000. That was going some for the young speculator, and

he was now satisfied that Dame Fortune hadn't done him a bad turn by causing his retirement from Hazelton's office. Madge's letters convinced him that Rutherford Golden was getting very thick with Hazelton. He was at the house two and sometimes three times a week.

Some days later Bob learned that a syndicate had been formed to corner and boom L. & D. shares. The price was ruling at 85. Shortly after he acquired the intelligence he ran into Golden on the street, in front of the Exchange. Golden regarded him with an unpleasant stare, and was passing on, when he changed his mind.

"Where are you working now?" he said, stopping short.

"What interest can you have in that fact?"

"None whatever; but as Mr. Hazelton asked me if I knew what you were doing, I should like to satisfy his curiosity."

"Well, I'm not working at all, at least not for any broker," said Bob.

"What are you doing to support yourself, then?"

"I'm speculating in the market."

"I might have known that. You were doing that for some time while you were in Mr. Hazelton's employ."

"How do you know I was?"

"Oh, I found it out."

"And I suppose you told Mr. Hazelton?"

"You'd have probably heard from him on the subject had you not queered yourself by making love to his daughter."

"Say," said Bob suddenly, "do you care to sell me a ten-day option on 1,000 shares of L. & D., at two points above the market price?"

Golden fairly gasped at what he regarded as the boy's nerve.

"Sell you an option on 1,000 L. & D.? Why, confound your gall!"

"I'll deposit five per cent. of the current value of the shares in cash, in your hands, as an evidence of good faith."

"You will?"

"Certainly."

"Where would you get the money to put up?"

"The market price is 85 just now. Five per cent. of that is \$4,250. Make it 2,000 shares, and I'll double the security, and agree to take the stock at 87," said Bob coolly.

"Do you know somebody who wants to put that amount of money up on L. & D.?" said Golden, as the idea hit him.

"I do. The party will purchase an option for 3,000 shares at that rate, if you or any other broker will make the deal with him."

As Golden never lost a chance to make something off a victim, he became interested at once.

"Bring the money to my office, and I'll talk business with you," he said.

"We'll talk business right here, first. Will you sell an option on 3,000 shares at 87, good for ten days, at five per cent. cash deposit?"

"I'll do it!" said Golden promptly, for he had been told by a trader, who wished to trap him, that L. & D. was going to drop within the next ten days at least five points.

"Very well. Will you be at your office in half an hour?"

"I will. I'm going there now."

"All right. I'll bring the money. You will save time by having the option ready for me."

Inside of half an hour Bob called on Golden with the money.

"This is where he's going to get a surprise," thought the boy, who never would have had any dealings with Golden if he had not had excellent reasons for believing that he was on the safe side.

He paid over the sum of \$12,750, and Golden made out the option to him. He judged that the man whom he believed was putting up the money did not want to be identified with the transaction. Golden made some inquiries relative to L. & D., to satisfy himself that it really was going down inside of ten days. The traders he asked knew nothing about the matter, but as they had no love for Golden, and thinking to prevent him from making some deal he had in mind, they told him they had heard that it was going down.

Golden therefore concluded it would be safe not to buy the 3,000 shares to cover his option deal. Five days passed, and then L. & D., after going up half a point, dropped back a full point. An hour later it advanced rapidly to 87. Next day it went to 90. Golden didn't like that, and made some more inquiries. The result of these gave him a fit. He found out that a syndicate had cornered the stock, and would try to send the price higher. He hastened to buy in the 3,000 shares he wanted, to save himself from further loss.

The stock was scarce, and he was compelled to give 92 for it, which represented a loss of \$15,000 on the deal. L. & D. now advanced steadily, and on the ninth day of the option reached par. At eleven next morning it was up to 102 1-2. As it was impossible for Bob to take up the option, as it would take \$261,000 less his deposit of \$12,750, he offered it for sale to a broker he knew was sore on Golden for a point lower than the market price. The broker bought it, handing Bob his check for \$53,500, plus his deposit of \$12,750, the larger amount representing the boy's profit on the deal.

When Bob went home that day he had \$81,000 cash in his safe deposit box, and he felt happy over the fact that the foxy broker had played right into his hands. He was not aware, that Golden was out between \$15,000 and \$16,000, but supposed he was in between \$5,000 and \$6,000. Had he known the truth, he would have felt like shouting.

CHAPTER VII.—Bob Opens Up As a Broker.

After supper that night Bob went to Dick's house.

"Well, old sport, you are looking particularly happy," said Dick. "Been striking more luck in the market?"

"Yes. I've made a killing in L. & D., and who do you suppose helped me do it?" replied Bob.

"How should I know?"

"Rutherford Golden."

"I shouldn't think he'd help you."

"I bluffed him into it."

"How much did you make, if it's a fair question?"

"About \$50,000."

"Say it again, and not so fast," grinned Dick.

"Once is enough."

"I should think it was."

"You appear to doubt my statement."

"It is rather too strong for my nerves."

"It does sound large, I'll admit, but I can't help that. By the way, I've been keeping a secret from you."

"Have you?" said Dick, who guessed Bob was going to tell him now that he had left Mr. Hazelton's place, and perhaps explain the reason.

"I haven't been working for Mr. Hazelton for the last six weeks."

"That's no news to me," said Dick, grinning.

"What! You learned I had left my old job?" said Bob, in some surprise, due to the fact that Dick had not let on he knew about the matter.

"Yes. I went in to see you on the Friday after you quit, and the cashier handed me the surprising news."

"You never asked me anything about it."

"I intended to at first, but when I came to think it over I concluded not to. As you were keeping it from me yourself, I felt I had no right to question you about it. I figured you would tell me when you got ready."

"Well, I have told you now."

"I suppose you had a scrap of some kind with Mr. Hazelton?"

"Yes; but the scrap was all on his side. I haven't seen him since, except at a distance on the street. The cause of the trouble is a matter I don't care to mention, so you'll have to get along without knowing it."

"All right. I don't want to pry into your affairs."

"Financially speaking, I'm away ahead by leaving Mr. Hazelton."

"Who have you been working for since?"

"Bob Barton."

"Yourself?" ejaculated Dick, in surprise.

"No one else. I've been devoting my energies to speculating in the market, and if I were to tell you how much I've made in the last six weeks you might have a fit."

"No fear. I suppose you've made \$5,000 maybe?"

"Yes, I've made that much easily enough, and a good deal more. After the coup I made on L. & P., I've been thinking of opening an office and starting out as a stock broker."

"That's pretty good," chuckled Dick. "Intend to take an office in one of the skyscrapers?"

"Not unlikely, if I can find a vacant room at a price I feel I can afford to pay."

"Say, are you in earnest?"

"I certainly am."

"Seems to me you haven't had enough experience to tackle the business."

"Leave that to me. What I lack in experience I make up in nerve. And I've got money enough to put up a good bluff. I intend to hire a book-keeper and manager, some old chap who has been let go from one of the large offices, as soon as I get something for him to do."

Dick saw that Bob was in earnest, so he became interested in the idea.

"If I had half your money I'd offer to go in partnership with you," he said.

"I might give you a chance, anyway, by and by. I should like you for a partner first rate."

"It would be fine if we could make a living together."

Bob talked more about his office aspirations, and then went home. Next morning he started out to see what kind of an office he could get for a reasonable figure. There were more of the older buildings in Wall Street at that time than there are now, and he confined his search to them. He found a nice large room on the sixth floor of one of them, and finding that the rent was not excessive, he told the janitor he'd take it.

"Who do you represent," asked the man, "and what is the business?"

"I represent myself, and the business is brokerage."

"Are you a broker?" asked the janitor. "You don't look more than nineteen."

"I'm not a broker yet, but I expect to be."

"We don't rent offices to boys, but if you bring satisfactory references, perhaps the agent will let you have this room."

"Isn't money a good reference?"

"Yes; but it doesn't go altogether. We must know who our tenants are."

"Is the agent in the building now?"

"He might be. Want to see him?"

"Yes."

"I'll take you to his office."

The agent was in, and Bob told him he wanted to rent the room on the sixth floor.

"Did the janitor tell you the rent?"

"Yes."

"You'll have to sign a lease up to the first of May."

"I'm ready to do that."

"I must have a guarantee from a respectable person that you will pay the rent regularly during the term of the lease, and in advance, on the first."

"I'll agree to deposit the rent, up to May first, in a bank, subject to your order, if you'll pay me two per cent. a month interest on the balance."

"That's fair enough, but as I don't know you, I shall want a reference."

Bob gave the names of a couple of brokers he was on friendly terms with, and said he'd call in the morning to sign the lease, or in the afternoon, if the agent preferred.

"Make it two o'clock to-morrow. That will give me time enough to call on your references."

The matter being decided, Bob left, and went to the little bank, where he spent the rest of the day, off and on. When he went to lunch he dropped in on one of the gentlemen he had given as reference, and told him that he was going to take an office in the Caxton Building, and had referred to him. The broker asked him what he wanted him with an office, and he replied that he was going into business for himself. The broker asked what kind of business, and Bob said he was going to make a start as a broker.

"How about capital?" asked the broker.

"I've got loads of it," replied the boy.

"You're lucky. Did somebody will you a good offer?"

"No. I made the money speculating in stocks."

"And have you accumulated enough capital that way to start in the brokerage business?" said the broker, with a whimsical smile.

"In answer to that question I will merely say that I made between fifty and sixty thousand dollars in my last deal."

"You did?"

"I did, and I can prove it by Mr. Brown, of No. — Exchange place. He took the option I had off my hands and gave me his check for over \$60,000, which covered my deposit also."

"Who sold you the option?"

"Rutherford Golden."

"The dickens you say! Do you mean to say that you, a boy, caught him on an option deal? Why, he's the slickest proposition in the Street."

"I don't care how slick he is, he sold me the option. I guess he made over \$5,000 on it himself. He had the chance to do it."

"If he had the chance to do it, he did it, all right. I don't see how you managed to get the option out of him."

"I didn't have to use a gun. He was easy."

"I thought he was sore on you for causing his arrest some time ago in Larchmont?"

"He didn't let his private feelings interfere with business."

"Where did you get the backing to go into the option deal?"

"Made it out of the stock market."

"You must be a wonder."

"No, I'm just lucky. If the agent of the Caxton Building calls on you, you'll tell him I'm all right, will you?"

"Yes, I'll do that for you."

"Thank you!" said Bob, getting up and then wishing the broker good day.

His other reference was Broker Brown, and he did not consider it necessary to call on him, for he was sure that broker would do the right thing. He called on the agent of the Caxton Building at two o'clock next day and was told he could have the office on paying the first month's rent and signing the lease.

"It won't be necessary for you to deposit the rent in a bank, as you suggested, as I have found out you are financially responsible," said the agent.

So Bob got the office and proceeded to furnish it to suit his taste and the business he proposed to conduct there. He put in a rolltop desk, half a dozen chairs, a table, a safe, and a few other things, including a couple of rugs. He bought a number of suitable pictures to relieve the barrenness of the walls, and arranged for a stock ticker. He ordered some business cards and other office stationery, together with a couple of account books. By Saturday everything was in shape, with his name on the door, followed by the words, "Stocks and Bonds." Then he inserted a standing advertisement in a couple of financial papers and felt that he had done all he could do, and the future would have to take care of itself.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Stolen Stock Certificate.

His first visitor was Dick, who called on him about half-past twelve on Saturday as soon as he got off work.

"You look quite swell here, Bob," he said, gazing around. "All you need now is business to keep you going."

"That will come after a while. Everything comes to him who waits, you know."

"Then I hope I'll come into a fortune. I'm waiting for it," grinned Dick.

"Oh, well, keep up your courage. It may come some day."

"About that time I'll wake up, I suppose. You certainly have a dandy office. It must cost something to occupy this apartment."

"You don't get something for nothing in this world. If you've seen all you want to, let's go to lunch," said Bob.

On the following Wednesday, as Bob was returning from lunch, he saw a stylishly dressed girl walking down Wall Street ahead of him.

"I believe that is Madge," he said, with a quickening of the heart.

He hurried forward and saw that it was the girl of his heart. He stepped up and addressed her.

"Why, Bob, I'm awfully glad to see you!" she exclaimed, with dancing eyes. "I got your letter telling me you had opened an office in the Caxton Building, and I was on my way to give you a call before I went to see my father."

"We will go there together, then. I would like you to see what sort of a place I have," said Bob.

A few steps farther brought them to the office building, and they went up to the sixth floor in the elevator.

"Robert Barton, Stocks and Bonds," read Madge, when they reached his office. "My, how important we are!" she added laughingly.

"Only a bluff at present, Madge. I've got an office, but no business. Everything is going out and nothing coming in," he said, opening the door.

"I think we are coming in, aren't we?" smiled Madge.

"Yes, we certainly are. What do you think of the place?"

She said it was a nice office, but looked lonesome without even one clerk. Madge remained nearly half an hour and then said she must go to her father's office.

"He isn't expecting me, because I did not tell him this morning that I had any intention of coming to the city. I like to take him by surprise."

"Well, you took me by surprise. I had no idea of seeing you in New York to-day. I am tickled to death to have had the pleasure of gazing on your lovely face again."

"What nonsense!" cried Madge, with a pleased look and rosy blush.

"No nonsense about it. Aren't you glad to see me again after a lapse of nearly two months?"

"Of course I am."

He accompanied her to the door and snatched a couple of kisses before he opened it and saw her to the elevator. Bob found it tiresome sitting in his office alone and taking the quotations off the tape. As he reached for his hat, the door opened and a stranger entered.

"Is Mr. Barton in?" the visitor asked.

"He is. I am Mr. Barton. What can I do for you?"

"You are quite a young man for a broker."

"Yes, sir. It is the young man who is holding the center of the stage these days. Sit down," and Bob put his hat back on the top of his desk.

"You buy and sell stock, I guess?"

"Yes, sir; but strictly on a commission basis."

"I've got a certificate for 100 shares of the Enterprise Steel Co. It's worth about \$75 a share. If I made it an object to you, would you take it off my hands?"

"I don't do business that way, Mr.—by the way, what is your name?"

"Thomas Norris."

"I can sell the shares for you in short order, for the Enterprise is a money-making company, and its bonds are considered gilt edged."

"Of course. Unfortunately, I'm in a hurry to take an early afternoon train for Boston. I have important business to attend to at the Hub. As I need the money, I'm willing to sell the stock for 48. That's two dollars less than the shares will fetch on the market; but I can afford to lose the \$200 better than I can afford to miss the three o'clock train for Boston."

"I'd like to accommodate you, Mr. Norris, but as I'm not acquainted with you, I can hardly afford to take the risk."

"What risk are you taking?"

"I have no assurance that you are really the person you say you are."

"Here is the certificate. You can see that it is made out to me."

"I see it is made out to Thomas Norris, but what evidence have I that you are Thomas Norris? You might have found the certificate somewhere. I don't insinuate that you did, but it is necessary that I should have reasonable assurance that you are its rightful owner before I can purchase the shares."

"Here is a letter I received a day or two ago. You see it is addressed to Thomas Norris."

Bob saw that it was, and it was some evidence of the man's identity, but still that was not conclusive.

"Well, I couldn't buy the certificate anyhow, as I haven't enough money in the office," said Bob, not caring to make the deal even for the satisfaction of being able to say that he had had the customer. The fact would be regarded the visitor's offer to sacrifice \$200 as a bit suspicious, notwithstanding the reason he gave for it. At this point Broker Brown walked in.

"Ah, Brown, if you're busy I won't disturb you," said Brown.

"I'm glad you came. Here is a gentleman who wishes to sell 100 shares of the Enterprise Steel Company's stock. It's regular at 70, which makes the certificate worth \$75,000. He has offered to sell it for \$4,800, as he says he is in a hurry to leave for Boston. I don't know the gentleman, but he has a letter which I have stored as evidence of his identity."

"Let me look at the certificate," said Brown.

Bob handed it to him. The broker looked at the number and then the name.

"Are you the owner of this certificate?" he asked the caller.

"I am," was the reply.

Brown pulled a memorandum out of his pocket and looked at it. The visitor began to show signs of uneasiness.

"Well, this certificate has been reported as stolen from its owner, with other valuables."

"I guess you have made a mistake," said Bob's visitor.

"Not in the least. I have the record here. Furthermore, I sold this certificate myself to Thomas Norris, and I know you are not that person. Better admit how this stock comes to be in your possession, or—"

The man rose, snatched the certificate out of Brown's hand and rushed for the door. Bob jumped up and ran after him. The man got out into the corridor and dashed for the elevator. Satisfied now that his visitor was not Norris, the owner of the stock, Bob rushed after him and caught him as he was entering a car bound down.

"Hold on! You can't get away like that," said the boy.

The man turned and struck at Bob. The boy dodged the blow and held on to him. The elevator man slammed the gate to and went down, leaving them to settle the matter between them. The man did his best to break Bob's hold, but he failed, and while they were struggling, Broker Brown appeared and separated them. Bob saw the certificate sticking out of his visitor's pocket and he snatched it out.

With an imprecation the man knocked the boy spinning, and without trying to recover the certificate he dashed downstairs to the next floor. Bob caught the next down car and descended, with the intention of cutting him off from the street exit. His effort was a vain one, for the man did not appear. Telling the elevator starter to stop him if he showed up, he returned upstairs to his office, where he found Brown communicating with the police about the certificate.

"So you lost him," said Brown.

"He's in the building somewhere. There is no rear exit to Pine street, so he can't get out except through the front door. I told the elevator man to stop him if he saw him trying to sneak out."

"I'm afraid that won't do much good. The fellow will manage to get away somehow. He is either the thief or an accomplice."

"It was rather fortunate that you called. I might possibly have been prevailed on to buy the stock, in which case, as it appears to have been stolen, I would have been caught for nearly \$5,000."

"I'm afraid you would. The chap must have stolen that letter, too, with a view of it helping him to sell the certificate. The theft having luckily recovered a janitor, I put a spoke in the fellow's wheel. You recovered the certificate, I believe?"

"I did."

"Put it in your safe until a policeman arrives to see you about the matter, then turn it over to him and take his receipt for it."

Bob did so and putting on his hat went downstairs to see if the man had been held up. The elevator man said he had been watching for him, but he had not appeared up to that moment.

"Is the janitor around?" Bob asked.

"He's down in the cellar."

Bob went down there, gave him an outline of the case, and told him that the expected thief

was somewhere in the building at that moment.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Help the elevator man watch for the fellow until the policeman arrives."

The janitor said he would, and followed Bob up to the first floor. A policeman was just entering the elevator.

"Hold on," said Bob, tapping him on the shoulder. "I want to see you."

The officer stepped back.

"The party we want you to arrest is somewhere in the building," said Bob. "He got away from me and ran down the stairs from the sixth floor. I went down the elevator and cut off his escape by this entrance, which is the only exit from the building except by way of the cellar. He is hiding in one of the corridors, and the question is, how are we going to nab him?"

"Is there a back stairway?" asked the policeman.

"Yes, but it leads only into the court."

"Isn't there an exit from the court to Pine street?"

"No."

"Could he reach the cellar from the court?"

"Yes," said the janitor, "he could, by a flight of iron steps."

"How long since he got away from you?" to Bob.

"Fifteen minutes or so," replied the young broker.

"You've been watching for him here?"

"The elevator man has been doing so."

"And the cellar exit has been watched, too?"

"No, it has not," admitted Bob.

"Who is down in the cellar now?"

"The engineer. The janitor was down there up to a few minutes ago, when I brought him here."

"Could the man sneak down the back way and get out without any one seeing him?" the officer asked the janitor.

"He could have done so if he was foxy enough," replied the janitor.

"Let us go down there," said the policeman.

They went down the stairway near the elevator, and the policeman asked the engineer if he had seen a stranger in the back of the cellar. He replied that he had not.

"Where is the rear exit?" asked the officer.

The janitor led the way to the rear. Here they saw an iron door.

"It's always kept locked when not in use," he said.

"Is it locked now?"

"It ought to be."

The janitor laid his hand on the door and found it standing slightly ajar.

"It's open," he said.

"That settles it, I guess; the man has made his escape this way, and if the way is clear to Pine street he's got away."

Bob stared blankly at the policeman, for he realized that the affair had been bungled, and he laid the blame on his own want of foresight.

CHAPTER IX.—\$75,000 in Gold.

The officer led the way through the tunnel to the exit on Pine street, where there was a stairway to the sidewalk and a platform

elevator for lifting the heavy cans of ashes to the walk at a certain time in the morning. They went up on the sidewalk and Bob looked up and down the street, but there was no sign of the man who had passed himself off as Thomas Norris, the owner of the stolen stock certificate.

"He's gone," said the policeman. "The only thing you can do now, young man, is to give me his description, with the facts of the case."

"I'll do that," said Bob. "Come to my office. It's on the sixth floor."

They found Broker Brown in the office, patiently awaiting Bob's return.

"The rascal has made his escape," Bob told him.

"That's too bad," said Brown.

The case was explained to the officer. He made notes in his book, gave his receipt for the certificate, and took it away with him. Brown remained a few minutes after him and then departed himself. The afternoon papers had the story of the robbery of Thomas Norris, a retired capitalist. The later editions printed the report of the visit of the thief, or a pal, at the office of Robert Barton, a young stock broker, for the purpose of disposing of a 100-share certificate of the Enterprise Steel Company, the market value of which was \$5,000, and detailed how his game was blocked and the certificate recovered, although the man himself managed to make his escape.

As everybody in Wall Street read it, there was a good deal of speculation among the brokers as to who this Robert Barton was, since he was practically unknown to them. The fact that Bob had turned broker was only known to Brown and the other trader the boy had given as his reference. Rutherford Golden, however, identified the young broker as Bob. His option experience gave him the hint, and he wondered at the boy's nerve. Edward Hazelton recognized the similarity of the name to that of his late messenger, and, having in mind what Golden had told him about the boy's speculative tendencies, he jumped to the conclusion that the young broker named in the newspaper was Bob, and he was not a little surprised to see that he had branched out for himself.

"The boy is crazy," he thought. "He has hardly any practical knowledge of the business. He is only making a fool of himself. Whatever capital he has made speculating will soon go in office expenses and that will wind him up."

At that juncture Rutherford Golden walked into his private room. After some talk Golden brought up the subject of Bob as a broker.

"I read about him in the paper. He's a young fool," said Hazelton angrily.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," quoted Golden. "He'll see his finish in a short time."

"He's bound to. I've no patience with people who run away with themselves."

"Probably he thinks that by setting himself up as a broker he will produce a favorable impression on you and get into your good graces again."

"He'll find out his error, then."

"You are done with him for good, are you?"

"Positively. Had his offense been anything but designs on my daughter. I could have for-

given him; but that conduct was unpardonable in my eyes."

"He certainly had a lot of assurance, but that seems to be a part of his make-up, for he has colossal gall to hire an office and hang out his shingle as a broker. Those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," again quoted Golden, who seemed to be strong on quotations.

"Humph!" ejaculated Hazelton. "Let us talk about something else."

The brokers in general, when they found that Bob Barton was a boy broker took the news as a huge joke and passed it along the line. It did not take some of them long to find out that he was Mr. Hazelton's late messenger, and they began to twit him about his late messenger, who, they said, appeared to have become a full-fledged trader all at once.

"Well, that's his business," replied Hazelton gruffly.

"How came he to leave you, Hazelton? You thought a whole lot of him."

"That's a matter I don't care to discuss."

"Did he quit of his own accord, or—"

"I don't want to talk about the matter," said the broker, in a tone that showed he did not care to continue the subject.

His manner gave the impression that he and his messenger had had a misunderstanding, and that it was the cause of the boy retiring from his office. It seemed to be certain that Hazelton was not backing Barton, so the brokers interested in the matter began wondering where a messenger boy could have picked up the money to make his start. Brown and the other trader could have enlightened them on the subject, but considered the information they possessed as confidential and so said nothing.

At length three of the curious brokers decided to call on Bob and see what they could pick out of him. They went to the Caxton Building about four o'clock and found that the boy's office was on the sixth floor, so they took the elevator up. Bob was in, engaged reading a Western mining paper. The brokers walked in without knocking.

"Am I addressing Robert Barton?" asked Thompson, who acted as spokesman.

"You are," replied Bob, wondering who his visitors were and what they wanted.

"My name is Thompson. This is Mr. Fink, and this Mr. Gray. We are brokers and dropped in to make your acquaintance."

"You are welcome, gentlemen. Help yourselves to chairs and make yourselves at home."

"That's hearty," said Thompson. "You see, we saw your name in the papers in connection with the man who tried to unload a stolen certificate of stock on you a day or two ago. The newspapers stated that you were a new broker, and as your name was not familiar to us, we thought we'd come up and see you. You are quite a young fellow, but it seems to be the young fellows who are coming to the front these days."

"Yes, I am rather young, but that isn't my fault. I just happened to be born later than some other people. Held over for the finishing touches."

"That isn't a bad wheeze," said Thompson, as the other visitor smiled.

"How long have you been here?" asked Broker Gray.

"About a week," replied Bob.

"You've hardly got used to the atmosphere of your office," said Thompson. "I suppose you have a few private customers—persons you know who are trying to give you a lift?"

"I won't say whether I have or not," returned Bob.

"I suppose you realize that it takes time and money to get things going?"

"I'm not worrying about either."

"I infer from that that you have a fat bank account."

"I have no bank account. The law governing commercial banks does not recognize minors."

"Of course, I understand that. I mean you have plenty of money at your call."

"What do you call plenty of money—a million?"

"Hardly so much as that. Say, in your case, fifty thousand."

"Oh, I made more than that in my last deal."

The three brokers stared at him.

"You did?" said Thompson. "Then I should opine that you are worth over a hundred thousand. Seems to me that is a lot of coin for a boy, lately a broker's messenger, to have. Did some wealthy relative remember you in his will?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Are you speculating to occupy your time?"

"When I see a good thing in sight, I try to take advantage of it."

Thompson scratched his chin and looked at his companions.

"How would you like to go in with us three on a little pool to push some stock?"

"No, I'm not in favor of pools."

"That's where you're foolish. The combined capital of four would cut a bigger figure in a speculation than the money that but one could command, supposing, of course, the four were about equally well off."

"That might be, but I had rather hoe my own row independently."

"You were working for Mr. Hazelton, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"How came you to leave him? He always spoke very highly of you."

"That is a private matter between us."

The three traders tried every way they could to find out something about the boy broker, but he parried all leading questions, and in every case evaded their efforts, so that they went away rather disappointed. Next day he noticed that K. & C. was going up and called on Brown and bought 4,000 shares at 62. The transaction was a marginal one, of course. Three days later K. & C. was up to 64 3-4 and Bob sold at that, making about \$10,000.

One Saturday morning Broker Brown came into Bob's office, lugging a heavy valise, and accompanied by two husky messengers also with valises that made them bend with their weight. As soon as they put down the bags the boys went away.

"Look here, Bob," said Brown, "I bought a bunch of D. & G. stock yesterday for a customer who doesn't want to be known in the transaction, and I gave orders to have the certificates

to be made out in your name and delivered C. O. D. at noon. The stock is to be paid for in gold coin, and there is the money in twenty-dollar pieces in those three bags. Just help me dump their contents out on your table, then we'll count it. There should be \$75,000, and as I got it from the sub-treasury there is no doubt about it being all right. It is necessary, however, that you should know that the money is all there."

The money was dumped on the table and counted in a short time. It was found all right.

"You can give me a receipt for it, Bob, and I'll clear out and let you do the rest. We'll make a bundle of it as it stands, and when the certificates are presented you turn it over to the messengers who will call for it," said Brown.

"All right, sir. And the certificates, shall I take them to your office?"

"Yes. Fetch them over at one o'clock. I will be on hand to receive them."

Shortly after Brown went away the door opened and Madge Hazelton came in.

"This is a delightful surprise," said Bob, jumping up and offering her a chair beside his desk.

"I thought I'd surprise you," she said, with a smile.

"I'm awfully glad to see you again."

"And I'm awfully glad to see you again," she said.

"I'm still in bad with your father, for I haven't heard a word from him since he ordered me off his place."

"I tried to get him to take you back, but I spoiled your chances by showing too much interest in you."

"I'm glad he didn't offer to take me back. If we hadn't had our break, I wouldn't have made a tenth part of the money I have since then. If I make \$5,000 more, I'll be worth \$100,000 in cash."

"You ought to let my father know how well you are getting along, and he might make up with you."

"If he merely gauged my value by the money I'm worth I don't care to make up with him."

"Not for my sake?" she asked.

"I'd do anything for your sake, Madge, but I'd rather you wouldn't ask that of me."

"I won't, if you don't wish me to."

"Your father and I will probably come together in good time, when he realizes that I am making my own way in the world without help from anybody. He cut me off from you because he merely regarded me as a very unimportant part of his office. It will strike him differently when I begin to rise as a broker."

Madge, looking around the room, noticed the bundle on the table.

"What is that?" she asked.

"Twenty-dollar gold pieces."

"In that bundle?"

"Yes; there is \$75,000 there. A lot of money, don't you think?"

As he spoke, the door opened and Dick came in.

"Hello, Dick! Allow me to make you acquainted with Miss Hazelton. Madge, this is my friend Dick Dudley."

They shook hands and a lively conversation ensued which was interrupted by the entrance of a stranger in a Prince Albert coat and a soft

black hat. He had a mustache, his features were dark, and a strange gleam was in his eyes.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" said Bob.

"Hush!" said the man. "I see they have brought it here."

"Brought what?" asked Bob, somewhat puzzled.

"The head of John the Baptist," and he pointed at the bundle. "I will take it away," he said, advancing toward the table.

Bob whisked the heavy bundle off the table and its contents fell in a jingling, glittering heap on the floor.

"It is mine—mine!" cried the visitor, stepping forward excitedly.

"Not by a jugful," said Dick, blocking him with his arm.

In another moment Dick and the strange visitor were struggling around the room.

CHAPTER X.—Was It a Plot?

Madge was very much frightened and felt as if she'd like to scream. Bob jumped to Dick's assistance, and between them they subdued the man.

"What in thunder is the matter with you?" demanded Bob.

"Eh?" said the odd visitor, looking dazed and uncertain.

"I asked you what was the matter with you."

"Be careful how you handle me. I'm made of glass."

"Oh, gracious! He's dippy, sure," said Dick.

"Lift me up gently and set me on my feet, then get the box I came in and put me back into it. Then have me sent—"

Here the door opened and two men came in.

"Ah, you've got him, I see," said one of the men. "He's crazy, and has given us a lot of trou—"

He stopped as his eyes lighted on Madge; then he looked at his companion.

"He certainly is crazy," said Bob, getting up. "He says he's made of glass. I'm glad you—"

Here the crazy man suddenly sprang to his feet.

"Now, then, grab those boys," he said, with an entirely different manner. "I'll attend to the girl."

He made a move toward Madge, who retreated behind Bob's desk.

"Why don't you grab him?" said Bob, as he stepped in between his visitor and the girl.

Instead of doing so, one of the newcomers stepped up to Dick and hit him a blow that laid him out stunned on the floor, while the alleged crazy man drew a slungshot and made a blow at Bob with it. Quick as a flash the boy broker saw that he had crooks to deal with, and, warding off the blow with his arms, he made a spring for his desk, pulled open the top drawer and pulled out the revolver he kept there. Cocking it, he covered his visitor with it.

"Make a move, and I'll shoot quicker than Jersey lightning," he said. "Madge," he added to the frightened girl, "pick up the telephone and tell the girl at the switchboard downstairs that there are thieves in my office and to send help up at once."

Madge grabbed the desk telephone and put the receiver to her ear.

"The game is up if you don't stop that girl," said the fellow who had knocked Dick out.

"If you take a step to do it, I'll shoot every one of you in quick succession," said Bob resolutely.

"You've got the bulge on us," said the visitor harshly, "so we've got to give the game up. Come, boys, we'll go."

"I don't think you will," said Bob. "You'll stay right in this room till you get what's coming to you."

"Are you going to stop us from leaving?"

"I am. You came here to lay me out and get away with that money. Probably you expected to find me alone. Fortunately, I wasn't, and so you have only trapped yourselves."

"Rush him!" said the fellow who had spoken before.

But the man in advance did not like to take chances with the revolver, which covered his chest, for he saw that Bob meant to shoot, and as the boy's finger was on the trigger it wouldn't take him but half a second to pull it. Madge in the meanwhile had made herself understood to the girl at the switchboard, and the janitor, the agent of the building, and the elevator tender started at once for the sixth floor. The three rascals were in a great sweat. They saw that they were in a bad predicament.

Before they could decide how to evade the issue, the door was opened and the men from downstairs came in. The chap who had hit Dick made a dash for the door to escape, but the janitor caught him by the arm. The other two were speedily laid hold of, and then Bob explained the case.

"Telephone for the police," said the agent.

Bob did so and then went over to Dick who was now sitting up trying to think what had hit him.

"Get up, old chap. That was an awful clip you got," said Bob.

"I remember now. That fellow hit me. I see you've caught the bunch."

"Yes, we've got them. Come over and sit in my chair."

"I never was so frightened in my life," said Madge.

"It was lucky for me you called here. But for your presence, which somewhat disconcerted those rascals, I might have lost all that money. It isn't mine, but I'm responsible for it."

In due time three policemen appeared with a patrol wagon, and the crooks were handcuffed and taken away.

"Help me pick up that money," said Bob to Madge and Dick.

The cloth was laid on the table, the gold returned to it and the bundle tied up again. Shortly afterward a clerk and two messenger boys appeared and delivered the stock certificates to Bob. When he saw that the stock tallied with the memorandum left by Brown, he pointed at the bundle and told the clerk there was the gold.

"There's the guarantee that the sum is correct," said Bob, handing him the paper.

The three clamped the gold into their bags and departed with it. Madge left right afterward and went to her father's office. Dick had already

gone, so Bob was left alone. Half an hour later he met Dick at the lunch house and they ate together. Then they went uptown. The story was in the afternoon papers, and the credit of saving the gold under strenuous circumstances went to Bob, who thus got into the limelight once more.

The papers mentioned that there was a girl in the office at the time of the trouble, but as her identity was not known she was referred to as Bob's stenographer. Bob was pleased to think that Madge was out of it, for he knew that her father would raise several kinds of Cain if he discovered that his daughter had visited him at his office and would put a stop to such a thing in the future, which would cut him off entirely from seeing her, but he congratulated himself too soon.

He forgot that the girl was an important witness in the case, and the police would insist on getting her address, and would then summon her to appear in court. After lunch Bob and Dick went off to enjoy themselves. When Bob reached home about seven for his supper he found a policeman waiting for him.

"Here is a summons for you to appear at the Tombs Police Court in the morning," he said, handing Bob the paper.

He had another he was going to serve on Dick Dudley. He also had a third made out in blank.

"Now, I want the name and address of the young lady who was in your office at the time of the attempted crime," he added. "Your stenographer, I suppose?"

Bob looked black.

"No, she is not my stenographer. Just a young lady friend. You're not going to summon her, are you?"

"She must appear," said the officer.

"But Dick Dudley and myself can furnish all the testimony needed to hold those men," said Bob anxiously.

"These summons come from the court and must be served. What's her name?"

"She's the daughter of a well-known stock broker, and her father will not want her to appear in court."

"That can't be helped," said the officer.

Bob saw he would have to come up, so he reluctantly gave the policeman Madge's name and address. He inserted both in the blank summons with a fountain pen, then he departed to call on Dick, whom he served without loss of time.

About nine that evening the bell rang at the Hazelton residence, and when the maid answered it she found a uniformed policeman at the door.

"Does Miss Madge Hazelton live here?" he asked.

"She does."

"I want to see her," said the officer, in his official tone.

The girl went upstairs and told Mr. Hazelton that there was a policeman at the door who wanted to see Miss Hazelton.

"What is his business with her?" asked the broker, in a tone of surprise.

"He didn't say, sir."

Down to the door went Mr. Hazelton.

"What do you want with my daughter?" he asked.

"I must see her personally," replied the policeman.

"I am her father. You can tell your business to me."

"This is a case where I must see her personally," said the cop, in a decided tone and manner.

The broker found himself obliged to bring Madge down to the door. She knew what it was about, but was afraid to answer her father on the subject.

"Are you Madge Hazelton?" asked the policeman.

"Yes."

"This is a summons for you to appear at the Tombs Police Court to-morrow morning," said the officer, handing it to her. Then he turned around and walked away.

"What does this mean, Madge?" demanded her puzzled parent.

The girl explained the whole thing in agitated tones. Broker Hazelton was hopping mad.

"So you dared visit that boy at his office when you knew it was against my wishes," he said, severely. "And the result is that you are mixed up in that case, which will be the talk of all Wall Street on Monday. Your name will be printed in the newspapers, and every friend I have will know you are my daughter. This is almost past bearing. Go to your room and stay there. I am so angry I dare not trust myself to speak further with you."

Madge went to her room and had a good cry, while down in the sitting-room her father paced the room with a stern and knitted brow. When Bob and Dick appeared in the police court next morning, the Wall Street broker was there with his daughter. Madge smiled at Bob, but Mr. Hazelton did not notice him in any way. The men were brought before the bar and pleaded not guilty. Bob went on the stand first. The story he told was practically the same afterwards told by Dick and Madge. On their own behalf the men stated that they were all under the influence of liquor at the time and had butted into the boy's office without knowing what they were doing. They declared they had not come there to steal the gold, the existence of which in the office they were unaware of until they saw it there. Their defense was somewhat offset by their records, which the police had dug up and presented to the magistrate, who remanded them for the consideration of the grand jury. That ended matters and the witnesses took their departure.

CHAPTER XI.—Bob's Interview With Mr. Hazelton.

Monday morning's papers had an account of the examination of the men, and the girl in the case was shown to have been Miss Madge Hazelton, daughter of Edward Hazelton, stock broker, and, as the trader expected, he had sundry explanations to make to his friends and acquaintances on the Street. Naturally, he did it as diplomatically as he could. Those who supposed there had been a break between Hazelton and his messenger began to reconsider the matter, since the presence of Madge Hazelton in the boy's office indicated differently. Mr. Hazelton was

greatly annoyed by the good-natured remarks of his friends, who praised the courage shown by Miss Hazelton under strenuous conditions.

Bob had a number of callers, most of them strangers to him, but all brokers who came up to talk about Saturday's affair. Dick got a mild pulling over the coals by his boss for being in Bob's office during working hours. The young fellow admitted his "guilt," but said he believed the crooks would have pulled off the game but for his presence, though he had not done much to stop them. Broker Smith admitted such might be the case, and he told Dick that he would overlook his lapse of duty.

One curb broker who called on Bob, after telling him he was a mighty smart chap, handed him a tip on a certain mining stock.

"Don't let it get any further, Barton, but if you want to make a 'killing,' buy as much Eldorado as you can afford and hold it for a dollar rise," he said.

"I am much obliged to you for the pointer."

"Don't mention it. You are welcome," said Davis, who got up and went away.

Bob spent the afternoon and all of the next day looking for Eldorado, and he bought 20,000 shares for an average price of \$3. The certificates were delivered to him C. O. D. next day, by which time the price was ruling at \$3.05, but it was not possible to get any under \$3.10. When Saturday came around it was up to \$3.25.

In the meantime, Bob received a letter from Madge detailing the "particular jessie" she had got from her father, who ordered her never to call on Bob again.

"Thank goodness he doesn't suspect that we correspond regularly," she went on. "If he ever finds that out we will be completely separated unless you can find some way of communicating with me."

Bob wrote back and told her he would be in Larchmont at a certain place on Sunday, and he would look to see her taking a walk in that direction.

"Your father can have no objection to your walking around the village when you choose, and if you should happen to run across me, why, you can't help that," he wrote. "I don't recognize the justice of the objection your father has to our seeking each other's society. I think we are made for one another. At any rate, I am determined to marry you some day if you do not change your mind. Of course, if you should run across somebody you like better I'll have to resign you, but I hope you won't, dearest."

He told her that he expected to add \$20,000 more to his capital through a mining stock deal in a few days, and that if his luck continued in the same groove he didn't see that when they were old enough to marry he should not be financially able to provide her with as good a home as she now had.

"I wouldn't ask your father for you if I could'n't," he said. "If he imagines I made up to you because you are his heiress he's wide of the mark. I may be worth more than he is some day. I doubt if he was worth half as much as I am at present when he was my age. By the way, I heard he had gone into a pool with Rutherford Golden and his crowd. If that is true,

I'm sorry, for Golden is a man who would rob his best friend, legally, I mean, as quick as a wink, and if your father doesn't look out he'll be badly caught in this pool scheme."

Sunday afternoon found Bob waiting for Madge where he had made an appointment. He waited impatiently for her to come along, though, of course, he was not sure she would be able to come. A covered auto came rolling down the avenue, and Bob saw a man's head look out of it for a moment. Presently the machine came up and, turning in near where he stood, stopped. Then Bob recognized the chauffeur as Mr. Hazelton's gardener, who always drove the car when its owner was not at the wheel himself. Out of the car jumped the broker himself. He walked up to Bob.

"Step in the car with me, I want to talk to you," he said, sternly.

Bob, feeling that he had discovered the appointment he had asked Madge to keep with him, obeyed. He judged that the interview was not going to be a pleasant one.

"You have been writing to my daughter," began Mr. Hazelton.

"I have," replied the boy.

"And she has written to you?"

"I admit it."

"When you know I have tried to separate you both do you call that honorable?"

"They say all is fair in love."

"We won't discuss that. I discovered you had arranged a meeting with my child at the corner this afternoon, and I decided to keep it myself and see if I couldn't settle this matter for good. On what terms do you agree to give up your pretensions to my daughter altogether?"

"I am sorry you think me capable of making any terms on such a matter."

"You are trying to establish yourself as a broker, I have heard. While I think it a foolish venture that can only end in failure, I will give you \$25,000 to help your ambitious notions on condition that you absolutely withdraw from further pursuit of my Madge."

"Mr. Hazelton, I decline your offer. I wouldn't accept the money under that condition if I needed the price of a meal. I have given your daughter every assurance of my devotion to her. I love her, not because she is your daughter and heir to your wealth, but because she is the one girl in all the world to me. If she voluntarily left me I should withdraw and would trouble her no more. Just why you think I will not in turn make a worthy suitor for Madge, I don't know. You had me under your wing for five years and ought to know what I amount to now. Judging from the way you turned me down without notice, one would think you had discovered some dishonorable action on my part. If you have been set against me by somebody whose purpose was to break up our relationship for some reason, I deeply regret it. Neither Madge nor I had any intention of doing anything foolish, such as an elopement, or anything of that sort. Nor had we any idea of getting married these three or four years yet, and then only with your full permission. If you doubt my word,

question your daughter. You will doubtless believe her."

"Look here, Robert, if you and Madge will give up this love business, say for a year, I'll take you back in my office and give you a desk in the counting-room. I intended to do that this fall. Then matters, so far as you and I are concerned, will go on as before our break."

"I can't return to your office under any conditions that you are likely to offer, as I am doing a great deal better on my own hook."

"Speculating, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, and speculating to some purpose."

"To what purpose?"

"I have made \$90,000 since I was sent adrift by you, and I hope to add \$20,000 more to it within a short time. I think that is doing pretty well."

"What nonsense are you talking, Robert Barton?" said the broker, angrily.

"No nonsense at all. I can prove it. It isn't so long ago that I bought an option on 2,000 L. & D. from your friend Rutherford Golden. I agreed to pay him 87 for the stock in ten days or less. You remember, of course, that the stock boomed to 102 1-2. As 3,000 shares at \$87 a share was too vast a sum for me to raise, I simply did what I intended to do in the first place—I sold the option. I found a buyer in Mr. Carey, at one point below the market. I cleared \$4,500 on the deal. That is how I got a part of my \$90,000."

"Where did you get the backing to make that option deal?"

"I was worth \$27,000 at the time, and it didn't cost me but about half of it to make the deal."

"I am surprised to hear that Mr. Golden would do any business whatever with you, much less such a large transaction."

"He thought I was acting for some person who was putting up the money, but who did not wish to be known in the matter."

"So you are really worth all the money you say you are?" said Mr. Hazelton, fairly dumfounded at the news.

"If you wish evidence you may go with me to the safe-deposit vault, where I keep the money in a box. You shall count it and satisfy yourself."

"You certainly do not take after your father. He knew no more about making money than a cat. Well, I'll take your word for what you have told me. I never knew you to lie to me yet."

"And you never will know me to do it. You have been a good friend to me, and I appreciate everything you have done in my behalf. I wish I could repay you."

"The task is easy. Promise me to give up all thoughts of Madge for the present, until I see how you turn out, and we will be friends again."

"You are asking the hardest thing of me. Besides, you are not considering Madge's feelings in the matter. I want to do what you consider fair and above board. I recognize your rights as a father. To that end I suggest that you invite me to call at your home some evening soon, say in a week or two. We will hold a conference with Madge in it. Whatever conclusion is reached at it I will abide by. I give you my word."

"I will consider your proposal and will let you know. In the meantime, will you promise not to write to Madge, or endeavor to meet her clandestinely?"

"I agree to that. In fairness to me I ask that you explain the situation to her. It will at least relieve her mind."

"I will do so."

"Then I will take the next train for New York."

Mr. Hazelton ordered the chauffeur to take the car to the station, which he did, and there the broker parted with Bob.

CHAPTER XII.—Golden or His Double.

Bob found out that there was no train for an hour yet, so he started to stroll about the town. His steps led him to the Sound, and he was presently standing on a wharf looking down at a small yacht which had just come in and made fast. Two fairly well-dressed men were standing aft, talking. A third man came out of the cabin whom Bob recognized as Rutherford Golden. He noticed that the expensive diamond Golden usually wore on his little finger was absent. Golden happened to glance at the wharf and his gaze encountered Bob's.

"Who are you looking at, young man?" he said, sharply.

"I was just taking in the boat, that's all," replied the young broker, struck by the man's tones, which did not sound like Golden's at all. Bob jumped to the conclusion that Golden was somewhat under the influence of booze.

"You wasn't looking at the boat, but at me," returned the broker.

"Well, a cat may look at a king, Mr. Golden," said Bob, saucily.

The other two men looked at Bob and then burst out laughing. The boy couldn't see what caused their mirth. At any rate, Golden didn't appear to take the matter as a joke. Quite the reverse. He sprang out on the dock, walked up to Bob and caught him by the arm.

"You seem to know me," he said, almost fiercely.

"I ought to, I've seen you often enough," answered Bob.

"Where did you see me last?"

"Right here. I'm looking at you now," said the boy, certain that the broker was drunk, though he appeared to be steady enough on his feet.

"Don't try to crawl. Answer me, where did you see me before?"

"Well, if you want to know real bad, I saw you yesterday on Broad street."

As Bob made the reply he noticed that instead of the Masonic seal Golden had been in the habit of wearing on his watch-chain he now sported a heavy gold-tipped powder-horn. And, further, the watch-chain instead of going across his vest ended at the button-hole, as most people wear chains. Furthermore, in many respects, Golden looked different from what he had ever seen him. All at once there flashed across Bob's mind the recollection of the man he saw leaving Nathan

Morse's house on the night of the shooting—the man he had taken for Rutherford Golden. This might be that man, and not Mr. Golden, though he looked near enough like the broker to be his twin brother. Did Golden have a twin brother? Apparently not, or the police would have found the fact out. At any rate, nothing was printed in the papers to that effect. When Bob once more noted the difference in the broker's get-up that afternoon he was almost certain that this man was not Broker Golden, but his mysterious double.

"Oh, you saw me on Broad street Friday afternoon?" said Golden, or his double, and for the first time his features relaxed into a grin.

"Yes, if you're Broker Golden; but if you're not Broker Golden—"

"Of course I'm Broker Golden. You're the Wall Street boy who— Come aboard, and have a cherry cocktail."

"You'll have to excuse me. I don't drink."

"Have a soda, then."

He pulled Bob to the stringer, and practically forced him on board the yacht.

"This is a young Wall Street friend of mine," he said to the others, "Let's adjourn to the cabin."

Bob was hustled in by the three. He found himself in a small, nicely decorated cabin, with a table in the center, flanked on either side by two leather-covered armchairs, while a similar chair stood at the head and another at the foot of the table. Swinging overhead, under the skylight, was a tray containing two decanters of liquor and half a dozen glasses. Golden or his double took down the decanters and four glasses.

"We'll drink our young visitor's health," he said. "Fill up while I get a bottle of soda for the young gentleman, who doesn't drink anything stronger."

He went out through a passage, and in a short time returned with a sodawater bottle. Bob was talking to the other men. The broker or his double poured out the soda for the young broker, and then helped himself to some whisky.

"I suppose you're visiting at Mr. Hazelton's this afternoon?" said Golden.

The mention of Broker Hazelton by this man cast some doubts on the suspicion Bob had begun to entertain that this individual was not Golden, but the man who looked like him. If he were not Golden, how could he know anything about Mr. Hazelton? On the contrary, such a question was a strange one, coming from Golden's lips, for he knew that Bob no longer visited at the Hazelton home. At first, Bob did not know what reply to make, but finally he said he had parted from Mr. Hazelton just before he came down to the wharf. If the man was Golden, this piece of information did not appear to surprise him, as the boy had figured it would. He merely remarked that he was due at the Hazelton house himself that evening. Bob did not see the wink that accompanied the words, which was solely intended for the benefit of the other two men, who grinned. Finally Bob looked at his watch, and said he had just time to catch the train for New York, and, therefore, would have to bid them good by. They saw him to the wharf, and

shook hands with him very effusively. Bob then started for the station.

"It's my opinion that man isn't Golden at all, but the party who shot the money-lender. If I had time, I think I'd tip off the Larchmont police. Still, if I put my foot in it again I'd feel mighty cheap. After all, it's the business of the detectives to find and arrest Golden's double. That is what they are paid for. I nearly got in trouble before, giving information that proved to be wrong, and I think I'll keep out of it hereafter until I'm dead sure of what I'm doing."

Thus thought Bob as he walked to the station. He bought his ticket, and in a few minutes his train came in, and he went aboard. Reaching New York, he got out at the 125th street station. As he walked out of the side entrance of the station a cab stopped in front of the main entrance. A well-dressed gentleman got out, handed the driver his fare, and turned to enter the station. Bob and he came face to face. It was Broker Golden!

CHAPTER XIII.—Conclusion.

Bob was so astonished that he stood still and stared at the trader. Golden recognized him, frowned, and passed on. The diamond glistened on his little finger, and the Masonic emblem was on his double watch-chain.

"That is Golden, beyond a doubt," said the young broker, "and I guess he's bound for Larchmont. That proves that the man on the yacht is not Golden, but his double, and the chap wanted by the police. I'll telephone police headquarters. If the police act quickly, the assailant of Nathan Morse will be caught, and the mystery of the dual resemblance brought to light."

Bob hied himself to the nearest drug store and communicated with police headquarters.

"Well?" said the officer at the desk.

"I can steer you up against the man who shot Nathan Morse, the Wall Street money-lender," said Bob.

"Who are you?"

"Robert Barton, stock broker, of No. — Wall Street. I am the boy who made a mistake in identifying the man before. I know the right man now. I just saw him in Larchmont, where he is with two companions on a yacht—a small one—that is moored at one of the wharves, or was an hour ago. He is the picture of Broker Golden, but there is a certain difference in their attire. The man you want has no diamond on his little finger, which is one of Brother Golden's distinguishing marks. He wears a gold-tipped horn, made of mother-of-pearl, on his watch-chain, while Golden wears a Masonic emblem. Golden wears his chain entirely across his vest, but his double only has it as far as his button-hole. You now have the clues by which you can recognize your man."

"All right. We will act on your information." And the speaker rang off.

The evening's paper contained the news of the arrest of Broker Golden's double in Larchmont, on board the yacht. The paper stated that the information which led to his arrest was furnished by Robert Barton, the boy who had made the

false identification on the night of the shooting of Nathan Morse. When the detectives boarded the yacht the man insisted that he was Robert Golden, a New York stock broker and repeated his claim on the name when taken to the Larchmont stationhouse. The officer in charge immediately telephoned the Hazelton residence, and was informed that Rutherford Golden, broker, was in the house at that moment. Mr. Golden was requested to call at the station-house. He did so, in company with Mr. Hazelton, and was confronted with his double. Then it was seen that the likeness each bore the other was most remarkable.

"Do you know this man?" the broker was asked.

"I do not," was the reply.

The prisoner grinned. He was locked up until the chief gave permission for the Manhattan detectives to take him to New York. All the foregoing Bob learned from the morning newspaper. A policeman called at his office that morning, and took him to headquarters to identify the broker's double, which he did without any difficulty.

Later the broker's double, who refused to admit what his name really was, was brought before a magistrate at the Tombs Police Court. He waived examination, and was held for further investigation.

Nathan Morse, now fully recovered, his memory of the shooting excepted, was brought to the Tombs to see him, but to the money-lender he appeared to be a stranger. The case against the broker's double, therefore, depended on the circumstances connected with that night. The housekeeper, Mrs. Abbott, was brought to the Tombs and at once identified the man who had called on Mr. Morse, and was in the room with him when the shot was fired. A lawyer appeared at the Tombs to consult with the prisoner. He said he had been sent to look after his interests. At the lawyer's request the prisoner was brought into court again on the following day. Bob and the housekeeper were present on summonses. They gave their testimony. Then the prisoner was placed in the chair and he declared that the money-lender shot himself, though by accident. He said he had called in relation to some money he wanted to borrow, but which Morse had already refused to let him have. The interview was a heated one and when Morse positively declined to let him have a cent he lost his temper and raised his hand threateningly. The money-lender, he said, drew the revolver from his desk, to defend himself. The witness said he seized it and in the struggle it went off, and Morse fell to the floor. He was so shocked and rattled that he dropped the revolver in his pocket and rushed from the room. That was his story, but few in the room believed it to be true.

When Bob returned to his office after lunch he found that Eldorado was up to \$3.50. Next day it went to \$3.60 and on Saturday morning reached the dollar rise predicted by the broker who gave him the tip. Bob at half his shares go at that figure. The other half he held on to on the chance of the price going higher. At the end of the week it reached \$4.50 and he let the rest out. Thus he cleared \$25,000 on the deal.

The little boom in Eldorado had hardly ceased to interest the speculators when a big one started in Montana copper, which was a big mine and always sold around \$25. Bob, who was always on the watch for a rise, was among the first of the outsiders to buy the stock. It cost him \$27 and he bought 10,000 on margin. As the stock kept on up all the other copper shares followed in sympathy, and the Curb Market seethed with excitement. The newspapers were full of copper, and the inside interests behind the rise spent several thousand dollars in paying for glowing stories about the copper situation, which hinted that Montana was almost sure to go to 50. That made the speculators wild and they bought right and left and held on. That made copper stocks scarce and the prices of all rose rapidly. Montana going to 40. The newspapers continued their glowing stories, and the all-absorbing talk in Wall Street was copper, nothing but copper.

Bob, however, felt that the situation was top-heavy, and if the bubble burst there would be an awful crash, with its attending panic. He held 10,000 shares in which nearly every dollar of his capital was invested. At the present exciting moment he stood to win \$130,000. If he realized, he would be safe and away ahead. Common prudence and caution advised him to get out of the market when the buyers were in the majority. He argued and reargued the case with himself. While he hesitated, Montana went to 42 and he stood to gain \$150,000.

So the day passed and Montana went to 45. The *Weekly Financial Review* was published next morning. Bob found his copy in his mail when he reached the office. He sat down to read it. There was a big, long editorial on the copper situation, and though it made no definite statement it carried a note of warning to the speculators long on copper stocks. Bob was impressed. "I'm going to sell right away," he said, in a determined tone.

He put on his hat and hurried over to the office of the broker, who was carrying his deal for him.

"Close me out in lots to suit buyers," he said. Twenty minutes later every share of Bob's holdings was disposed of at an average price of 45 3-4. At two o'clock Montana was up to 46 1-2. It closed at there at 46 7-8. Bob visited his broker and learned at what figures his shares had gone that morning. It showed him that he had made \$185,000, and that when he got the money he would be worth \$300,000. Next morning, for the first time since the boom, Montana opened an eighth below the previous day's closing price. Scores of speculators took warning and the brokers went on the Curb with their pockets full of selling orders. The boom was arrested and the price sagged to 45, but a lot of buying steadied the market and it went to 46 and finally closed at that price. That afternoon Bob got his money in a certified check. Montana advanced to 48 next day, amid intense excitement, and then, without a bit of warning, went to pieces. A tremendous panic set in and the speculators fell over themselves trying to get out from under. The panic continued all next day, and every copper stock tumbled, Montana the fastest of all, till it landed, with a jolt, at 15.

When the smoke cleared away thousands found themselves ruined, and the papers gave the names of brokers who were badly involved and others who had made assignments for the benefit of their creditors. Among the worst hit was Edward Hazelton. He had gone over his head into a pool with Rutherford Golden and his crowd. Golden and his friends had sold out and left the Larchmont broker in the lurch.

Bob heard the rumor that Mr. Hazelton had been driven to the wall and that his seat in the Exchange would have to go, together with his property at Larchmont. He had already read in the morning paper that his former patron was ruined. That afternoon he rushed around to Hazelton's office. He found the broker looking like a wreck. He refused to see Bob, but the boy went in, anyway. Hazelton looked at him with hollow eyes.

"I am ruined, Robert," he said. "It is your turn to crow over me."

"That I never will do, Mr. Hazelton. I came here to find out just how you stand. I want to help you."

"You want to help me?"

"Yes, sir. I owe you a debt of gratitude that I desire to repay. Besides, you are Madge's father."

"Thank you, my boy, this is generous of you. I can see you mean it. But the \$90,000 you are worth will not save me if I accepted it from you, which I wouldn't. You have made your money, and it will not be me who will take it from you."

"How much money will clear you and save your seat in the Exchange?"

"It will take \$200,000."

"Very good. I will lend you \$200,000 cash, and in addition I offer you another \$100,000 for a partnership in your business."

Mr. Hazelton looked at him in astonishment.

"How can you get so much money?"

"I am worth that much. I made \$25,000 a while ago in the Eldorado shares, and I cleared \$185,000 in the boom which wrecked you. The money is at your disposal, whether you take me as your partner or not."

"My dear boy," said the broker with tears in his eyes, "I accept your offer. You shall be my partner. You have saved me and you have saved my home. You are worthy of my Madge and she shall be yours when the time comes."

Mr. Hazelton withdrew the notice he sent to the Exchange and announced, through the chairman, that he would meet every engagement to the letter, and he did. Shortly afterward Bob removed his desk and some of his things to Hazelton's office and the partnership agreement was signed which made him the junior partner, on equal terms, under the firm name of "Hazelton & Barton."

The brokers were surprised at first when the news went around, but the intelligence got out that Bob had made a quarter of a million out of the Montana boom and had saved his old boss from going to the wall. And thus the little Wall Street speculator became a real stock broker.

Next week's issue will contain "OLD HAZARD'S ERRAND BOY; OR, THE NERVE THAT WON THE MONEY."

CURRENT NEWS

STEEL JAWS ARE CRUEL

One-fourth of the animals caught by steel traps are worthless; 15 per cent. escape by chewing off a leg. Many are eaten by other animals; all suffer lingering torture. The American Humane Society offers prizes aggregating \$300 for the best essays acquainting the public with this cruelty and showing how it may be remedied.

MAN SPILLS \$6,000 IN COIN.

Street car traffic was tied up half an hour recently when Andrew Higbee, employed as a messenger by the Atlantic City Street Railroad Company, alighted from a trolley to deposit Sunday's receipts in a bank. He carried \$6,000 worth of coin in a bag out of which the bottom fell, paving the street with silver. A corps of detectives was summoned to protect him during salvaging operations.

ROOSTERS ATTACK WOMAN.

Mrs. F. H. Lees, of Philadelphia, complained to the police of the Sixteenth district that she was attacked by three game roosters. The pugnacious roosters, she said, flew at her, scratched her hands and tore her dress with their spurs, but she succeeded in beating them off with her umbrella.

An investigation was made by the police and the roosters were shown by the owner, killed and dressed, hanging in a market Thirty-fifth and Brandywine streets.

2,000 SHOTS A MINUTE

The Munich correspondent of the London Times is informed by an unnamed expert that the Germans have perfected a triple-barreled machine gun, electrically operated, weighing about twenty-two pound and capable of spreading 2,000 bullets per minute in a complete circle. The three barrels could be operated by a gunner on land a half-mile distant.

This is cited as an instance of German industries devising engines of war, and the correspondent further declares that Germany is concealing her armies under civilian guides and that chemists are conducting researches into poisonous gases and bacteriological possibilities of destruction.

The correspondent says that he has heard the conviction expressed by "more than one authority" that the Oppau explosion would not have occurred "had no experimental work connected with the manufacture of engines of war in some shape or form been indulged in there."


DON'T MISS THIS

The new "Mystery Magazine" out November 15 is the handsomest, largest and best publication on the news-stands for Ten Cents a copy. It contains a mystery story of the Moving Pictures entitled

THE LOST STAR OF THE FILMS

By JACK BECHDOLT

This celebrated author was the one who wrote "The Melody of Death" in No. 94, a story that attracted widespread attention, and his new story is, if possible, a better one. Besides the feature novelette No. 97 contains

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Daring Dan Dobson

—OR—

THE BOY WHO BEAT THE MOONSHINERS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Well, thar, that's a fine letter. I'll show it to the old woman when I go in the house, and she kin keep it. I'll go a-guiding all right—and would even . . . I didn't git nary a cent fer my work. Ye'd better come in and get some victuals now, though, for that ride was kinder tedious on them slow cars."

Zachary Shank led Dan into the house and made him at home in the manner so characteristic of these open-hearted people.

Mrs. Shank made some old-fashioned pie for Dan, and they gave him a meal which was a regular home-cooked banquet.

"Now, to-night we'll rest up, and then to-morrer mornin' start out at daybreak, Dan," said Zachary. "That's the right hour fer gettin' well on the road. You'd better enjoy that big bed of mine in the company's room to-night, for we won't get another chance for a good week or ten days. It will be sleepin' on the rough ground then, sure enough!"

That was what they did then—very early to bed and early to rise for the start of their thrilling quest.

Dan mounted Starlight in the morning, as the first red rays of the sun came peeping over the fuzzy foliage tops of the mountains. Zachary Shank rode a big bony gray horse.

"Good-by Sal," sung out the guide.

"Good-by, Mrs. Shank. I'll try to make Mr. Shank be a good boy!" added Dan.

"Good-by," responded the old lady, "but you all be careful. Them's powerful bad men down there and they'll git ye in'trouble."

She went back into the kitchen, after waving her upon long. They did not know that the old lady spent about an hour crying, after they had gone.

"Oh, that poor young boy, goin' into all that risk. It's awful," she moaned to herself. "An' I'm afieerd for Zachary—it's dangerous business. I have a presentiment!"

If presentiments were to be relied upon, it was indeed a bad road of adventure which the two were going on. And in this case her prophecy was more than justified.

The ride was easy and peaceful for a couple of hours, as they jogged down a mountain road toward the little settlement known as Newell's Ford by the side of the winding Shewano river.

As they reached the town they were met by several surly-looking mountain folk, who glared suspiciously at the newcomer.

The reader is doubtless aware that in these sections, where laws are constantly broken, every stranger is instinctively regarded as a detective or agent of the law in some form. It is a sort of guilty conscience-feeling, consequently, a stranger is under constant observation.

Zachary Shank was well acquainted with all the people of the whole section, yet he did not force his friendship on many of them. They were always more or less suspicious of the tall old fellow, yet they never went to any extreme to show it.

These men who passed knew perfectly well who Zach was, and yet they went by with sour looks, and not a word of greeting.

Dan, looking quietly over his shoulder, saw them turn around and stare very intently.

"I guess those fellows won't forget us again, Zachary," said the youth. "They are not very amiable to-day."

Zach grunted.

"Amiable! Huh! Them men is part of the gang of Jake Newcastle, the moonshine king of these parts. Thar ain't nobody amiable in that crowd, excep' Newcastle himself."

"Is he a nice fellow?"

Zachary took a chew off his quid, and laughed quietly, as he replied:

"Nice! Yep. He is a nice one—as long as there's ladies around, and as long as ye do jest what he wants. When ye don't, he's a tiger—an' he makes his men act the same way. They're our worst danger up around this section. He has the place honey-combed with his men. Every family around here is in cohorts with them, an' you'n me wouldn't stand as much chance of gettin' back to Johnsville as an apple pie would of escapin' a freight car full of hobos."

They rode past dingy, ramshackle houses which looked as though they had not been painted since the day before the flood.

Scrawny women, and skinny girls, towsled children, and rascally-looking boys all peered at them angrily, as though they were intruders in their private houses.

"Where are the men, Zachary?" asked Dan.

"They're all down at the three saloons. This village doesn't hold more than five hundred or so, scattered out over half a mile, but it has three saloons which do a thrivin' business."

"Where do they get their money?" asked Dan. "I'd think they would get all the moonshine they want from their own stills."

Zachary shook his head, as he replied:

"No, they are just at a stand-till. They got their houses, such as they are, from their fathers, an' their wives eke out part of the money by little work here and there. They have their gardens—if ye can call 'em that. They git garden seeds from 'em, and the men fish and shoot and steal—when they git the chance. But most of 'em git paid by this Jake Newcastle for bein' in his gang of hoodlums."

"I don't see yet why they have to buy their li-
quor at saloons."

Zach lowered his voice.

(To be continued.)

FROM ALL POINTS

WETTEST SPOT ON EARTH

The summit of Mount Waialeale, Island of Kauai, said to be the wettest spot on earth, recorded a rainfall of 590 inches from Jan. 7, 1920, to Feb. 3, 1921, according to figures announced by the Weather Bureau, Honolulu, T. H. Mount Waialeale is 5,080 feet high and is entirely exposed to the prevailing trade winds.

A MAGIC CAVE

A distillery de luxe, operated underground, was unearthed in the woods at East Eddington, Me., recently. A thousand gallons of mash, ten gallons of moonshine whisky ready for market and a seventy-gallon still on a stove that was warm were seized.

The distillery was a chamber twenty-eight feet square and twenty feet under ground, dug out near the bank of a stream. The room was ventilated by hollow logs, one of which had been fashioned into a periscope, with mirror equipment for lookout purposes. Water to cool the worm of the still was led in from the stream near by, which was dammed and its flow regulated by a gate.

The place was fitted out with the comforts of a home. Those who operated it, however, were absent when Deputy Sheriffs Farrar and King, who made the discovery, arrived.

A LONG COFFIN

The funeral of William W. Wittig, forty-five years old, a business man and former member of the City Council, who died suddenly, had to be delayed two days until a coffin of sufficient size was procured. It was necessary to have a special coffin made.

Wittig was 6 feet 8 inches tall. He weighed about 350 pounds. A holiday caused the loss of a day in getting the order for the special coffin. No hearse was found long enough to convey it. When Wittig was active in the Elks he always took the prize at the convention for being the tallest Elk. Wittig suffered from an affection of the foot, and it is thought a blood clot formed from this. The malady prompted him to quit the race for the Republican nomination for County Commissioner after he had made his announcement.

Wittig conducted a confectionery and bakery at Frostburg, Md. He was a brother of Walter W. Wittig, former member of the Maryland House of Delegates. He is survived by his widow and one daughter, Miss Elizabeth Wittig.

SEEK PLATINUM VEIN ON EDGE OF NEW YORK

A group of Russians, whose goings and comings have disturbed the Franciscan Sisters of St. Clare Academy on one of the high hills above the Saw Mill Valley in Westchester County, have acquired 900 acres of woodland in the belief that there are huge deposits of gold and platinum within fifteen miles of the New York City line,

it was learned recently. The sisters asked the village authorities of Hastings to investigate the Russian colony.

The Russians, headed by Vasily Cherniak, a miner, and Innokenty Sidorkin, a publisher, with an office at No. 415 East 14th street, interested a group of Yonkers business men that include H. W. Sullivan, Peter Shanley of the Shanley restaurant family, and Edward Fenelon.

Cherniak says he has reports of several hundred assays of rock taken from the property and that the reports uniformly prove deposits of precious metals, especially platinum, in quantities that make it commercially practicable to start mining.

With the Russian group in the enterprise is Dr. Jacob Connor, United States Consul General at Petrograd from 1907 to 1913.

Cherniak has filed his claims with the Secretary of State. There are three houses on the property, which already are filled with Russian workmen, some with their wives. A mill has been set up in a shed, where the rock is pulverized before being sent to assayers.

"Mystery Magazine"

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Trailing A Black Valise.

By JOHN SHERMAN.

An ordinary valise, of ordinary black leather, would not, under ordinary circumstances, seem likely to excite the special cupidity of anybody.

But a valise believed to be stuffed with government bonds and railroad stocks presents a different aspect.

And the valise, the incidents of the theft of which I am about to relate, contained not only securities of the sort mentioned, but also a handsome amount of money.

It was the property of a Mr. Caslin Isdall, a gentleman who had accumulated a fine fortune in a commercial line, but who had retired from active business and resided in a country house a short distance up the Hudson.

The account of the theft was narrated to me by the gentleman himself, he having come to me at once and employed my services in the case.

He had taken the bonds and stocks that morning from a friend; he had cashed some coupons of his own; immediately afterward he had proceeded to the 42d street depot.

There was a crowd of excursionists about him as he approached the ticket window; for once he had neglected his invariable habit of having the exact change ready; in the delay of fumbling for the correct amount he placed the valise for a second on the ledge beside him.

He had hardly done so when a hand and arm were projected forward as swiftly and indistinctly as a shadow, and the valise had disappeared.

The thief had shown such marvelous celerity that Mr. Isdall had not even time to decide whether the arm and hand were those of a man or of a woman.

"It was done in a wink," he said to me; "it was done so quickly that no one of a score of people pressing up against me observed anything unusual. They started as if they thought I had suddenly gone mad when I uttered and called out that I had been robbed."

"Who was present when you transacted the business with your friend, or when the cashing of the coupons? Or who was likely to know what was in the valise?"

"You think I had been followed from the time my business was finished?"

"I can think of no one who would have been likely to follow me."

"And of no one who knew you carried a small fortune in a shabby, black leather bag? Think again."

"Well, there is Watty McElroy—the young clerk in my friend's office. He knew, of course."

"What kind of a fellow is he—above suspicion?"

"Well, now, I come to think of it, I believe he is the man—the very man," said the old gentleman, bringing one clenched hand down with an emphatic thud upon my desk.

The remainder of our conversation was comparatively unimportant.

I was pretty certain Caslin Isdall had been followed and robbed by somebody who was familiar with his habits and business relations, but beyond that I could not perceive the glimmer of a trail.

My first move was to satisfy myself as to the reputation borne by Walter McElroy.

"Watty will take care of number one." "He is as keen as a brier." "He is a wonderful fine fellow." "Honest as the sun." "Bound to get up in the world." "His ambition to get up in the world, and to get up fast, may be his downfall," were among the various things I heard said of him.

I managed to get an interview with him without his suspecting my purpose or who I was.

What I saw was a shortish, stoutish, olive-skinned, ruddy-cheeked youth of not more than two-and-twenty.

"Why, I have met you before! A, I remember! Didn't I see you at the 42d street depot yesterday?" I remarked.

"Why?"

The single word came sharp as a bullet from his lips; there was a quick flash from his bright eyes—fearless eyes, as big and brown as those of a gypsy.

"Why? I can't say—only I have a trick of remembering every face I have once seen."

"I was there about noon. I had an appointment."

I made a note of that fact; I felt I had secured a point.

He answered with more defiance than willingness, it appeared to me.

The young fellow admitted he was there—on the scene of the theft—at the very time when the theft had been accomplished! The admission seemed to bring me a step nearer to the trail.

But it was one of those peculiarly mysterious cases which may require months of patient investigation before any really conclusive evidence may be detected; and therefore I did not feel particularly elated by what I had learned.

And I was not by any means convinced that Watty McElroy was the guilty party. Indeed, his entire manner impressed me as directly the reverse.

I left him to board a surface car for the 42d street depot.

What I learned there might be material or immaterial—I could not decide which at the moment.

A cabman—one whom I knew and whom I had once befriended in such a fashion that he would hardly dare any attempt at deception with me—distinctly recited having his vehicle taken by an individual whose excited manner had aroused his curiosity.

This had happened about noon—just at the time when Mr. Isdall had aroused a commotion with the outcry that he had been robbed.

The cabman had a clear recollection of the young gentleman who had hailed his vehicle.

He was fashionably dressed and of a rather saucy appearance, and had been accompanied by a girl, plainly attired, who was possibly a servant and unmistakably from the country.

The young gentleman had helped the girl into the cab and then walked hurriedly away.

The girl had carried a small valise of shabby black leather, fastened by a large and peculiarly shaped lock clasp of brass.

The cabman had given me a clear description of the strange couple, and also the number and street to which he had driven the girl.

I left the depot and proceeded to the address the cabman had scrawled on a fragment of paper.

It was nearly dark when I reached the house—a three-story brick building, the last of a row all exactly alike.

My astonishment may be imagined when I ascended the steps only to perceive that the house was empty.

By a few inquiries in the neighborhood I learned that the house had been vacant for some time. The row was the property of a miserly and generally disliked old lady, who resided somewhere north of the city. Her nephew—a wild young fellow known as Dimon Dayne—had been noticed about the empty building the previous evening.

At the mention of that name I started. Dimon Dayne was a frequent visitor at the Isdall mansion, and was regarded as a favored suitor for the hand of Miss Florence, the venerable old gentleman's only daughter.

The mystery of the black valise seemed to be more impenetrable than ever.

But I had determined to inspect the interior of the house, and I at once proceeded to effect an entrance.

To do this was comparatively easy. My next proceeding was to light the stump of a wax candle I chanced to have in one of my pockets, as it was already nightfall, and pitchy dark inside.

I ascended to the upper floors, seeing nothing and hearing nothing.

As I descended again to the parlor floor I noted a dark object on the floor of the back apartment, which I had not yet closely inspected.

What I picked up was a woman's veil—a cheap affair, of coarse, brown silk tissue—and with it a crumpled note written in a man's hurried hand.

"I have written the directions so you will make no mistake," I read.

Then followed minute instructions how the recipient of the note was to reach a certain obscure railway station, what train to take, and at what hour the writer might be expected there.

"And now, Ella, I trust you to bring the black valise if anything occurs to prevent my coming for it. It will be safe enough in the empty house until you are ready to start."

So the black valise had actually been hidden in the house—hidden in that very room!

As the thought flashed through my brain, my eyes fell upon a loose pile of rubbish in one corner, and an ejaculation fell from my lips.

There was the black valise before my very sight, only half concealed by the loose fragments of worn carpeting and odds and ends such as are usually left after the removal of a tenant.

In an instant I had it in my grasp.

But at that instant there were stealthy footsteps behind me; a shadow seemed to glide beside me, and before I could turn or move a muscle the figure hewed itself upon me and I was felled to the floor.

Of course, I was totally unprepared for an at-

tack of that kind, or the sudden assault would hardly have overpowered me.

As it was, the valise was snatched from my hands. I had one glimpse of a dark-skinned face, livid with fear and passion. I was conscious of the scoundrel's excited retreat, and then I knew no more.

In my fall my forehead had struck heavily against the point of the iron mantelpiece, and insensibility was produced by a wound which, less than an inch lower, would have resulted in instant death.

It was broad daylight when I recovered my senses.

I glanced at my watch.

It lacked three hours yet of the time appointed for the girl Ella to arrive at the obscure railway station designated in the note.

Weak as I was, I resolved to undertake the trip.

It is needless to say I lost no time in that painful and anxious three hours' journey.

I left the train, made a little detour of the station building, and then strolled up to the platform.

I had reached the further angle of the platform, where was a sheltered and secluded seat, when I started and stopped.

A few paces distant I beheld the dark-skinned, pallid-faced individual whose tiger spring had felled me the previous night.

He was in close conversation with an honest-featured rustic, and as I drew a step nearer I espied a girl whom I at once decided was the "Ella" of the note.

"The valise must be delivered to Walter McElroy; it must be seen by nobody but him," the young man was saying.

I stepped across the space between us and had an iron grip upon him so suddenly that any resistance would have been useless.

"I will take charge of the black valise, Dimon Dayne," I said. "Your plot to fix your own guilt upon an innocent man has failed."

I had slipped handcuffs over his wrists, and had unguardly loosened my grip upon him as I turned to the girl.

At that moment a train came thundering down the track; Dayne uttered a terrible sound, and before I could suspect his purpose he had wrenched himself away from me, leaped down to the rails and flung himself directly beneath the wheels.

Suicide had robbed justice of her vengeance.

There is little to be explained. Dimon Dayne had been a polished scoundrel all his life. The girl Ella was innocent of any complicity in the theft of the black valise. She loved him, and she had simply obeyed his instructions. His awful death and the knowledge of his crime unsettled her reason and she was committed to an insane asylum.

Dayne had planned to disgrace Walter McElroy, simply because that manly young fellow had supplanted him in the affections of Mr. Isdall's beautiful daughter, Florence.

Walter and Florence were shortly afterward married, and Walter is now a prospering business man. He never knew how near he stood to prison and disgrace during the eventful time I was trailing the Black Valise.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18, 1921.

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

LIVE IN OLD STREET CARS

A village of street cars, fitted with the usual conveniences of modern homes, is being established on the outskirts of Swampscott, Mass., to relieve the housing shortage. The cars, because obsolete, have been stripped of running gear and placed end to end at one side of the street.

Several have been transformed into attractive living quarters, with connections for water, gas and electricity.

SAYS HE IS OLDEST LIVING MAN

"Uncle" John Shell, who claims to be the oldest living human being, has just passed his 133d birthday at his home on Greasy Creek, Leslie County, Ky. While in fairly good health Shell seems gradually declining, it is said, and has failed to take his customary trip out into the State, which had been an annual custom for three years. Shell was born in 1798, when Kentucky was part of Virginia.

HALF BILLION SPENT TO AID BRITISH JOBLESS

More than half a billion dollars has been expended by the British Government in relieving the unemployed since November 11, 1918, Winston Spencer Churchill, Secretary of State for the Colonies, told a delegation which called on him recently. This expenditure, he said, was unparalleled in any country in the world.

Members of the British Cabinet will consider unemployment shortly, and will attempt to reach a final decision relative to measures to be taken. Mr. Churchill said he had every reason to believe special assistance would be given in areas where the problem is exceptionally acute. He expressed himself hopeful the whole question would be solved satisfactorily.

WRITES 136 WORDS A MINUTE IN BUSINESS SHOW'S CONTEST

The world's typewriting championship remains in the United States. George L. Hossfeld of Paterson, N. J., successfully defended his title of premier speed typist against eight competitors at the opening of the Business Show at the Cen-

tral Mercantile Building, Sixth avenue and Eighteenth street.

Hossfeld averaged 136 words a minute in the contest, which lasted one hour. This was seven words short of his world's record of last year. Miss Bessie Friedman took second honors with an average of 133 words a minute, while Alfred Tangora was third with 132.

The European contestants made a poor showing in comparison with the Americans, Robert C. Curtis and Miss Millicent Woodward, English champions and champion typists of Europe, finished eighth and ninth, respectively. Curtis made 90 errors in 7,284 words and averaged but 106 words a minute. Miss Woodward's score was 101 words a minute.

It is estimated that 40,000 persons attended the opening of the Business Show, including students from the commercial schools.

LAUGHS

"I think we all should give up something in Lent, my dear." "So do I, darling. What shall it be?" "Well, you give up making paper weight biscuits and I'll give thanks."

"Life," remarked the sententious bachelor, "is like a game of cards." "It's more like a game of chess from my point of view," rejoined the married man. "I invariably move once a year."

Impatient Guest—I ordered this steak not well done! Boston Waiter—I know it, but the cook is one of those persons who believe that no matter how small a thing is it should be well done.

"It's certainly a great pity," said the man who occasionally lets out an audible thought. "What is a great pity?" queried the party with the rubber habit. "That amateur actors can't see themselves as others see them."

"There is a new song I want," remarked the customer, "but I can't think of its name—something about a riot and fight in Sing Sing or some such place." "I guess this must be it," ventured the new clerk, as he handed forth a copy of "The Village Church Choir."

"I got ter be mo' keerful in de future," said Brother Dickey; "I 'clar I has!" "Why, what's happened now?" "Well, I only prayed fer rain 'bout two hours en a half, en ef dey didn't take en send a regular deluge dat come nigh drownin' der whole settlement! Providence always gives me mo'n what I axes fer!"

A man in Central Kansas had trouble with his wife and more trouble with his mother-in-law. The wife finally died, and on the day of the funeral the undertaker started to put the bereaved husband in the same hack with the mother-in-law. The man balked. "I won't ride with her," said he. "But you must," replied the undertaker. "The other hacks are all full." "Well, if I must, I will," said the man, "but it will take away all the pleasure of the trip."

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

USED STOVE AS BANK

Giuseppe Silvio, a track walker employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad and living a few miles from New Brunswick, N. J., placed \$600, his life's savings, in a stove. The other day Mrs. Silvio, unaware that her husband had selected the stove as a cache against burglars, lit a fire. Silvio, from his post of duty, saw the smoke curling from the chimney, hastened home and sought frantically to put the fire out.

In the excitement the stove was overturned and set fire to Silvio's home. New Brunswick firemen saved the house from destruction, but the money was burned to ashes. Silvio said that he will put his next savings in a savings bank.

"ATTENTION!" NEW MESS CALL

Headed by the military term "Attention!" instead of the prosaic civilian "notice," a small arm chair luncheon opposite the Long Island station in Brooklyn has an announcement in the window saying 100 former soldiers can get a square meal there for the asking every night.

The proprietor, it developed, was a former member of the Third division. He had found business good since the war, but when he learned that some of his old buddies were sleeping in the park and going hungry he decided to split some of his prosperity with them. From midnight until 2 o'clock in the morning the hungry ex-service men line up and are served army style by a busy staff of employees.

TO DEPORT TWO HUNDRED

On a special train from the Pacific to the Atlantic there came to Ellis Island the other day 200 "undesirables," for deportation. Among them were half a dozen Anarchists. Most of these came from Seattle and other points on the Pacific Coast. One was from Chicago. Edwin M. Kline, deporting agent of the Immigration Service from Washington, had rounded up the party.

All are aliens who have been allowed to enter the country but have been found delinquent. Under the law any alien in the United States who fails to live up to requirements in five years may be expelled. For instance, any admitted alien who may become insane within five years or who may become a public charge or who may have committed a crime involving moral turpitude may be expelled within five years.

\$21,387,000 FUR HARVEST

More than three and a half million pelts, valued at \$21,387,000, were produced in Canada in 1920, according to a survey by the National Bank of Commerce. Muskrat and beaver pelts, valued at \$6,000,000 and \$5,300,000 respectively, comprised about half the total, with marten, mink, silver fox and fisher following in that order.

A small proportion of these pelts was produced by the fur farming industry, which confines itself almost entirely to silver fox. The fox has

proved most suited to domestication and has been raised successfully for the last forty years. In 1919 there were 424 fox farms, three mink farms and two raccoon farms, with a total production of 2,543 pelts valued at \$508,549. On the farms at the end of the year were 8,310 foxes, mostly of the silver variety, valued at approximately \$3,000,000.

The largest part of the Canadian fur production is exported principally to the United States. In the fiscal year 1921, imports from Canada totaled 2,684,000 pelts valued at \$9,093,000.

ORDER YOUR PIE IN ADVANCE

"Reserve your favorite pie and sandwich for lunch," reads a sign recently placed in the window of a cafeteria near Park Row, New York.

"It may seem strange," said the proprietor, that he have undertaken to request our patrons to reserve their lunches, but we have found that the scheme works out splendidly. The patron is always assured of finding his favorite sandwich, salad, pie or cake waiting for him, besides we find that a lot of waste of food is avoided through this system.

"We can judge more accurately the number of sandwiches to make and the quantity of pie to have on hand. Formerly many of our best patrons would enter the cafeteria a few minutes after noon time only to find that the choicest victuals had been selected. Now each day they leave their order for the following day or telephone it in in the morning."

HARTS ISLAND SCHOOL

The public is quite unfamiliar with the institution on Harts Island to which boys and men are sent for a period of time for some misdemeanor yet it is one of the greatest educational institutions in Greater New York—as far as learning a trade is concerned.

The greater part of those who are sent to Harts Island have never been taught a trade, either by neglect on the part of their parents or their general indifference, but a peculiar fact is that when they once enter the institution they become apt pupils and take to a trade like a duck takes to water.

The shoe department, where both men's and women's shoes are made, is one of the largest in the institution. The shoes are of a good living quality and can usually be sold twice before the uppers begin to crack.

In the knitting department underwear and socks are made, both summer and winter weight, and while they are only made for the inmates on the island, yet are of a lasting quality.

Overall making is another industry that is taught on the island, and many of those who learned the trade there are now drawing salaries in large overall factories.

Experienced teachers are provided, and Commissioner of Charities James A. Harlan has installed the latest machinery. During the summer months the men work eight hours a day and about seven hours in winter.

I Can Succeed



"What other men have done with the help of the International Correspondence Schools, I can do, too! If the I. C. S. has raised the salaries of other men, it can raise mine. If it has helped others to advance, it can help me. To me, I. C. S. means 'I CAN SUCCEED.'"

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Gas Engine Operating
- CIVIL ENGINEER
Surveying and Mapping
MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R
- STATIONARY ENGINEER
Marine Engineer
- ARCHITECT
Contractor and Builder
Architectural Draftsman
Concrete Builder
Structural Engineer
- PLUMBING & HEATING
Sheet Metal Worker
Textile Overseer or Eng't
- CHEMIST
Pharmacy

- BUSINESS MANAG'MT
SALESMANSHIP
ADVERTISING
Show Card & Sign Ptg.
Railroad Positions
- ILLUSTRATING
Cartooning
Private Secretary
Business Correspondent
- BOOKKEEPER
Stenographer & Typist
Certified Public Accountants
- TRAFFIC MANAGER
Railway Accountant
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- GOOD ENGLISH
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- CIVIL SERVICE
Railway Mail Clerk
- AUTOMOBILES
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Navigation
- AGRICULTURE
Poultry Raising
- BANKING
Spanish Teacher

Name
 Street and No.
 City State
 Occupation

AGED
WOMAN'S
DREAM

Mrs. Jane Du-
pree Glenn, of
Mound City, Mo.,
104 years of age,
dreams of her old
home in Ohio as
she sits in her
chair knitting to
pass away idle
moments.

Alert mentally
and reasonably
active physically,
Mrs. Glenn lives
to talk of her
younger days in
the Buckeye
State.

Mrs. Glenn
crossed the ocean
when she was
two years old and
that was just 102
years ago. Short-
ly after arriving
in New York City
she was taken by
her parents on
their journey in
an ox-cart to
Chillicothe, O.,
where the family
first sett'ed.

The trip across
the Atlantic
Ocean was made
in an old-time
sailing vessel that
was eight weeks
on the way. Now
Mrs. Glenn hears
of the proposal of
birdmen to make
that same trip
through the air
in one day. Chilli-
cothe at the time
the Glenns set-
tled there was a
frontier town and
just a short time
before their ar-
rival an Indian
village. This was
in 1819.

A few years
later the family
moved to Gallia
County, O., and
the girl was mar-
ried there to John
H. Glenn Jan. 1,
1839. Mrs. Glenn
was a native of
the Isle of Jersey,
located in the
English Channel.

Reward for Every Answer!

THIS IS A GENUINE ADVERTISEMENT BY A RELIABLE CONCERN

At the right you see 12 sets of mixed up letters
that can be made into 12 names of cities in the
United States. Example: No. 1 spells NEW
YORK. Now try to give all and be rewarded.
PRIZE SENT IMMEDIATELY TO YOU
Write names on a postcard or in a letter.
Mention whether your age is under or over 17
(so we may send suitable prize) and write your
name with address plainly. You need not send
a cent of your money now or later! This is a
genuine offer. You and every other person who
sends in the names will receive a prize of equal
value yet which may become worth \$1000 to
you within three months! Lose no time. Answer
this NOW and see what you get. Address:

GOLDEN RAVEN CO., 441 So. Boulevard, GA-375 NEW YORK, N.Y.

Give Correct Names of Cities

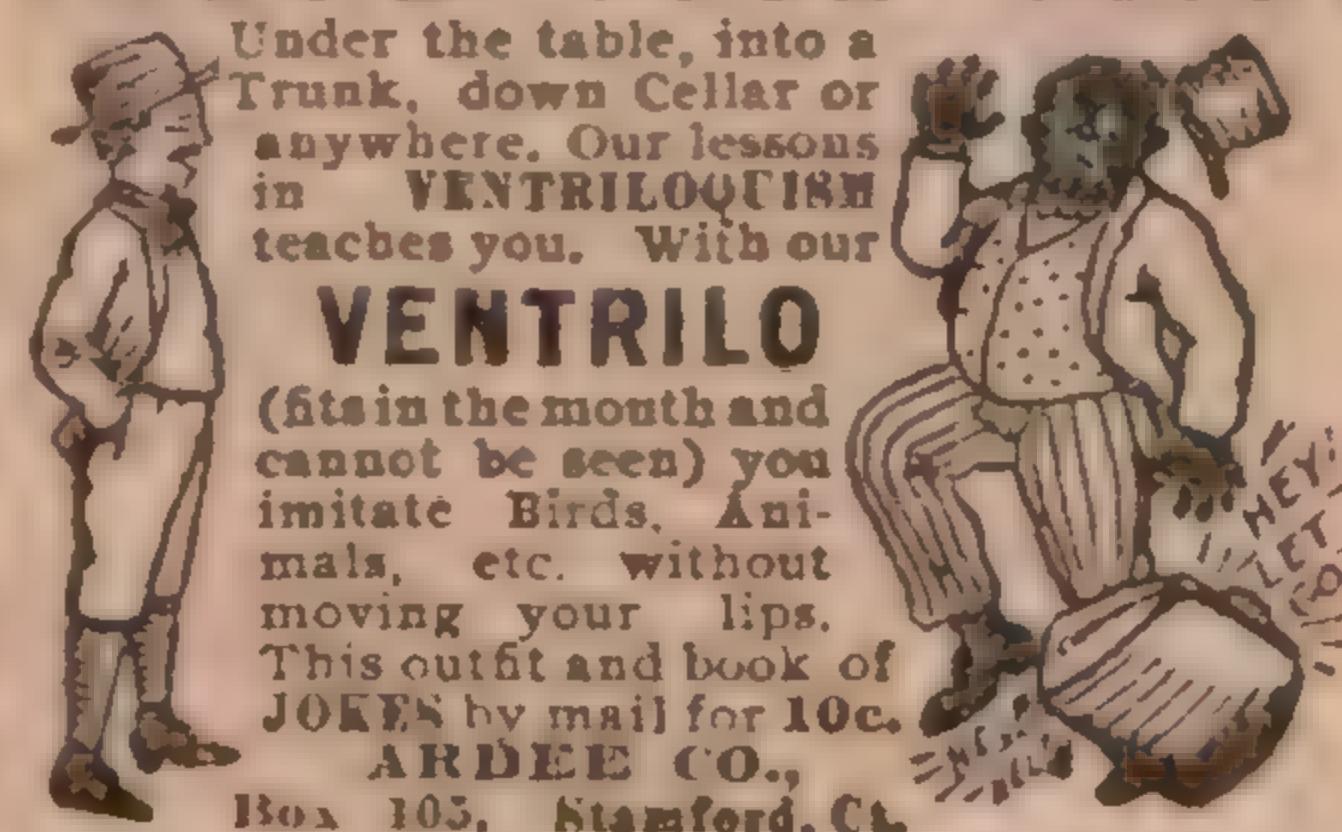
1. WEN YROK	7. BFIULOA
2. MPHEMIS	8. ANTLTAA
3. ERITODT	9. USNOHTO
4. LOETOD	10. SBONOT
5. COGHACI	11. RALDPOTN
6. NERVDE	12. MELABTIRO

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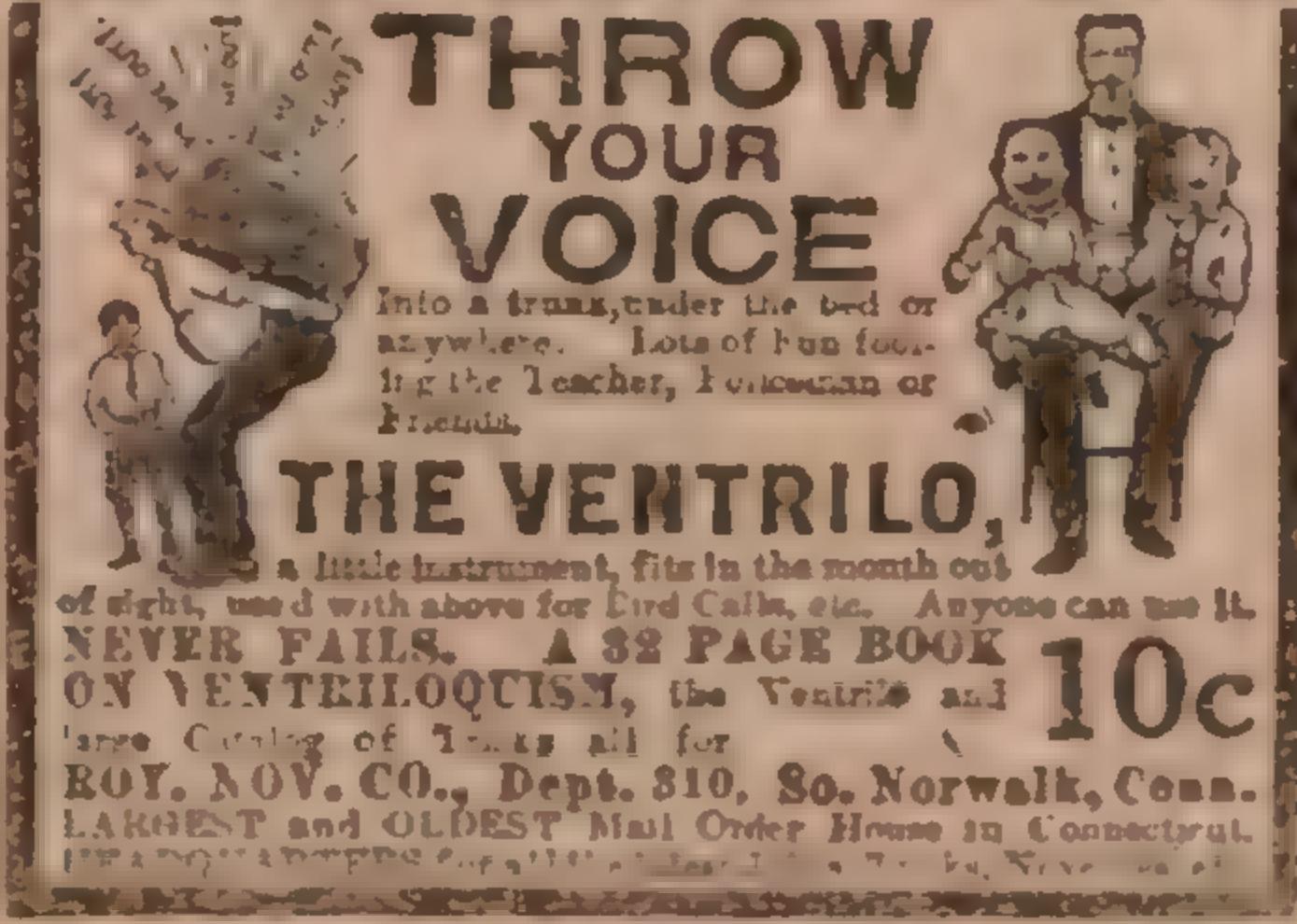


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cannot be seen) you
imitate Birds, Ani-
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SCALERS OF
WORLD'S
HIGHEST
PEAK

Somewhere in the tangled maze of the southern Himalayan mountains three parties of British engineers are working their way through unexplored gorges and passes toward the base of Mount Everest. They are blazing the way for the expedition that will later this summer attempt to scale the granite walls of Everest and conquer the highest mountain peak on the globe.

The first party to leave here, commanded by Maj. Morshead, proceeded up the Teesta Valley and over what is known as the Kangri route. The other two units, commanded by Col. Bury, intend to meet the Morshead party at Khamba Jong, and then the combined expedition will strike westward toward the village of Tengri Jong, about 30 miles north of the Everest group. From thence will start the party which will try to reach the summit of the dominating peak of the range.

Before the actual work of scaling the stupendous slopes of Everest can begin, however, engineers must carefully survey all approaches to the mountain and try to find the most practicable route to the top.

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